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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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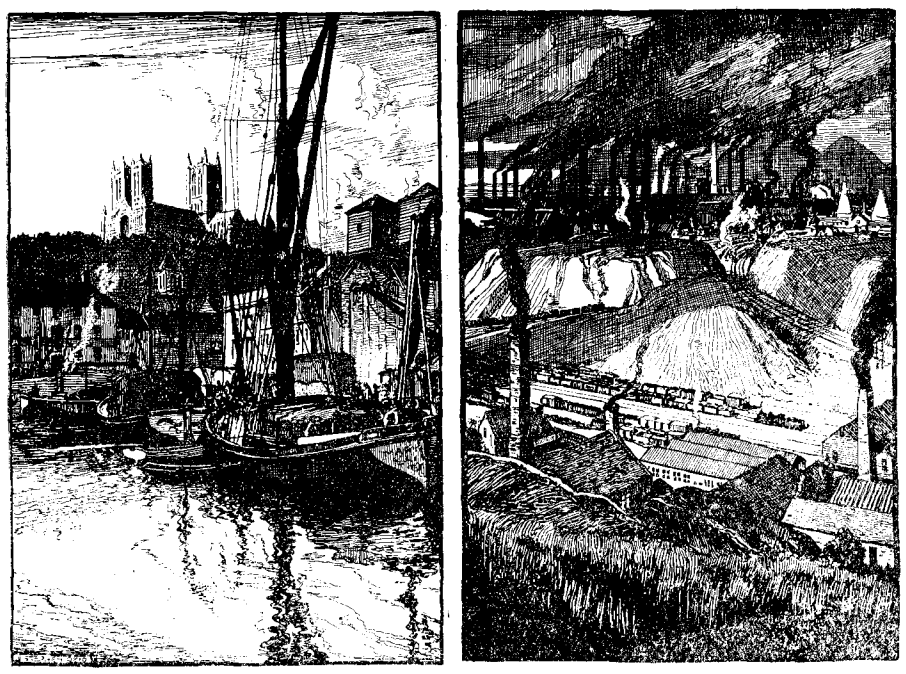

ENGLAND HAS ITS CATHEDRALS AS WELL AS ITS FACTORIES
Illustrations by Stephen Reid for "English Journey."

The England of Mr. Priestley's Time

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IN the autumn of 1933, Mr. Priestley set out to make a tour of England. He traveled westward from London to Bristol, and then northward through all sorts of regions, dialects, and industries, until he reached East Durham and the Tees; and came home in cold and dirty weather. The result of this thorough tour is "English Journey," which Mr. Priestley's compatriots have called, with that unanimity we have come to expect from them, the best book he has ever written. This is one of the rare occasions on which we can agree with them.

There is a piece of dialogue in Somerset Maugham's "The Alien Corn" which I will take leave to borrow as a preface to this review. "*Do you feel at home in England?*" "*No,*" *I said, "but then I don't feel at home anywhere else.*" In his last chapter Mr. Priestley remarks that he does not feel at home anywhere else; the rest of the book is taken up with showing how very difficult it is to feel at home there. Other writers have said the same thing, of course, but their reasons have been esthetic ones. Mr. Priestley's reasons are economic.

Not that he is an economist; far from it. But he could not help observing, during his travels, that the English working classes were engaged in "an obstacle race, with the most monstrous and gigantic obstacles, but you may see them straining and panting, still in the race." And his whole book is filled with a kind of horrified resignation at such a state of affairs. It is not a passionate book. It is not passionate, I imagine, because Mr. Priestley has a Liberal mind, and the Liberal mind ceased being passionate some years before the late war. But this kind of mind is apt to be better at observing than any other, and the importance of "English Journey" lies in its observation.

When he is not writing fiction, Mr. Priestley is very much the Yorkshireman, he has a natural inclination towards the grim side of things. He did not set forth from London in an impartial spirit. He

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Turn of the Wheel

THE BALLIOLS. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

I HAVE felt quite encouraged by reading this book—not so much as to the state of English literature (though the contemplation of so brilliant a brotherhood as the Waughs' cannot fail to give encouragement on that ground), but as to my own status. For there are indications in this volume that in the long process of time I may again be a hero. I was a hero once, as was everybody who could answer the question, "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" with the ringing asseveration, "I fought for King and Country." But recent literature has more than suggested that one's part in the war, if any, should be decently glossed over, for Daddy's admission that he joined the army has been more than likely to draw from the younger generation the contemptuous retort, "What a boob you must have been!"

Mr. Waugh gives some hope to the ex-heroes that perhaps the cycle of cynicism as to their exploits and motives has run its full course, and that a more charitable view of both may be coming into vogue. Kitchener's army, he thinks, "was for the most part recruited from men who believed that an honorable obligation had been laid upon them not to desert their friends." He goes even farther and asserts that those who fought did so to preserve "the tradition and dignity of English life"—a sentiment somewhat reminiscent of the final curtain of "Cavalcade." That is to say that Mr. Waugh, in this war novel (for though it begins before the war and closes long after it, that is what it is) steers a pretty sensible midway course between the heroics of the earlier war novelists and the cynicism of the later ones.

It all started, he tells us, as a sort of essay in belles lettres, determined upon on his thirty-fifth birthday when he was impressed, and perhaps depressed, by the solemn reflection that he had reached the halfway house of man's terrestrial journey. He had intended to make a sort of "survey" of life as it used to be and life as it now is. But the moment he began he found himself thinking in terms of in-

(*Continued on page 46*)

Howells: The Genteel Radical

BY BERNARD SMITH

HOWELLS'S surviving friends are reconciled to the thought that he is little honored among the critics of the generation that has grown up since his death. We may wonder, then, how they feel on finding in a book by one of the younger Marxists—Granville Hicks's "The Great Tradition"—a warm and appreciative study of his novels. They are, no doubt, shocked. Howells would not be, if he were alive.

That is perhaps as good an indication as any of what small service his friends have been to his reputation. They have praised him for the wrong things; they have defended the indefensible; and they have ignored or misrepresented those of his qualities that truly entitle him to sympathy and esteem. For a while—indeed, for many years after Gertrude Atherton's energetic attack upon him, early in the century—it looked as though his stature would decline to the point of invisibility. The animosity of the anti-puritans during the campaign against gentility before and after the war destroyed his hold upon American belles-lettrestic taste and thought, and threatened to relegate his name to the confinement of the textbook. If today we are beginning to evaluate him more intelligently, thanks are not due to his friends and companions, the respectable people who surrounded him during his lifetime, but to Parrington's third volume, to Lewisohn's "Expression in America," and to Mr. Hicks. This is hardly the kind of men whom tradition has accustomed us to think of in connection with the "dean."

There can be no question of the justice of the criticisms made by the anti-puritans. Howells was ultra-genteel in all matters pertaining to sexual morality; he was squeamish when faced with dirt, pain, crime, bestiality—all the ingredients in the life of a large part of both the rural and the urban masses. He, the exponent of realism and polemicist for truth, shrank from such realities and such truths. To that extent his fiction was weak and a false expression of this, or any other, country. He thus belied his own critical doctrines, sapped their strength with absurd qualifications, and made it difficult for the realists who came after him to win the acceptance of the reading public. The anti-puritan critics of ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago were not merely irreproachable in their charges against him on these grounds, but actually advanced the cause of literary honesty and freedom by disabusing the general mind of the notion that he represented the last word in fidelity to nature and in esthetic purpose.

Unfortunately, they went too far. They portrayed that side of him as the total man, minimized some of his other and more important sides, and overlooked completely what may in the future be considered most significant in him—his criticism of the social base of the American community. They were guilty of this because they themselves were uncritical of, often content with, the drift of society—and therefore they could not understand him, could not understand even the relation of his gentility to his other characteristics. As a result there was popularized a distorted conception of his contributions to the nation's letters, and this was nothing less than a crime against the finest tradition in our literary history.

What did those who were regarded as his friends do about it? (It is best to speak in the past tense, for there are not enough of them left to matter much.) They replied by praising the genteel in him, or at least defending it, and by sneering at Mencken, Dreiser, Lewis, Anderson, Dos Passos, and the others who stand for twentieth century realism! They attempted to perpetuate his moral viewpoint as the ideal *par excellence* of the novelist and they shuddered vehemently at the works of his critics and successors! That was stupid, you say? It was more than that. It was the logical reaction of men who were really Howells's worst traducers. They were the conventional pedagogues and ministers who had in the first place secured his appeal and power solely on the fact of his gentility and had kept silent about precisely those elements in his writings that will make him live. They above all were respectable middle-class gentlemen who were well satisfied with the social order and had, to put it mildly, no interest in Howells's criticism of it. On them, consequently, rests most of the responsibility for the oblivion that for so long threatened him. They collaborated beautifully with his enemies to bury him.

The three critics who have recently studied Howells with some sense of proportion have dealt mainly with his novels. Parrington found in them the liberalism, the sympathy with the "little man" and hatred of plutocracy, he sought in all writing, and he applauded, while at the same time pointing to their "Victorian squeamishness." It is a thoroughly decent, sane essay. Lewisohn looked rather for esthetic virtues and found them in abundance together with the familiar sexual timidity, and he did not forget to analyzing the latter to pay his respects to the former. It is a pleasing instance of one good craftsman honoring another—honoring, moreover, the other's intelligence and insight into the manners of his neighbors. Hicks discovered in them the critique of indus-

This Week

FOR TO BEHOLD AT DUSK
By KIMBALL FLACCUS

MODERN AMERICAN PROSE
Edited by CARL VAN DOREN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

BOY AND GIRL TRAMPS OF AMERICA
By THOMAS MINEHAN
Reviewed by Wallace I. Goldsmith

AN ENQUIRY INTO CERTAIN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAMPHLETS
By JOHN CARTER and GRAHAM POLLARD
Reviewed by Chauncey B. Tinker

TALE WITHOUT END
By LILO LINKE
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE EXPLORATION OF WESTERN AMERICA
By E. W. GILBERT
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

BEALE STREET
By GEORGE W. LEE
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

Next Week or Later

JOHN KEATS
By LEONARD BACON

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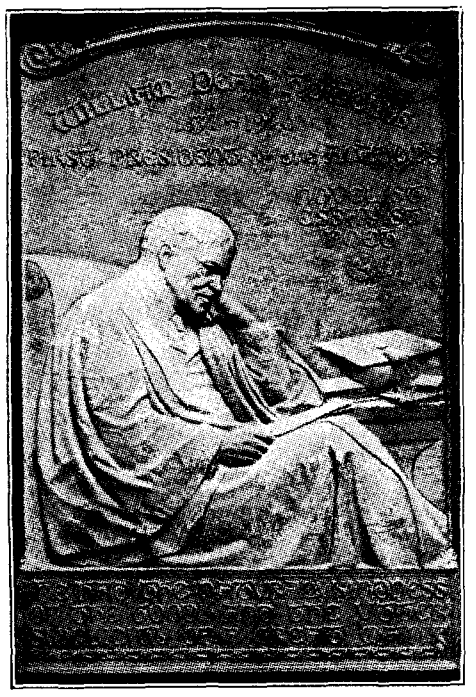
trial capitalism by which we are coming to test Howells's mental calibre. He discusses, of course, the problem of moral bias, but goes beyond Parrington in his perception of the naïveté of Howell's social critique. In his final estimate of the man we are given one of the most interesting of all attempts to do Howells justice.

Yet each of the three essays is imperfect, simply because they concentrate upon the novels. With all their virtues—skilful construction, ease of style, urbanity, irony, humanity, sharp dissent from the ideals and practices of our commercial world—they are not good novels. Th y are dull. Howells's evasion of the unpleasant realities took the blood, bone, and muscle out of them. Their people are unnatural in their moments of strong passion; their greatest dramas, their fiercest conflicts, are dissipated in feeble, unconvincing solutions, imposed according to the amenities of Boston. Even Howells's style did not lend itself readily to the novel: it was too urbane and too finely ironical and reflective.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
From a bronze by Brenda Putnam

He was at his best in his criticism. His novels may soon seem unreadable, but there are articles and essays of his that might have been written yesterday by one of the "advance-guard." He was by training and temperament a critic and commentator. Most of his little sketches, such as those which padded out his "Literature and Life," are trivial and rightly forgotten, but there are residues in that and other volumes that compose a solid, lasting, and valuable part of America's poor critical library. We find there that at the same time that he set down his baleful strictures on offending the sensibilities of the maiden reader, and at the same time that he wrote guilelessly of the "smiling aspects" of American life, he created a body of theory on realism and social democracy that had a beneficent influence on this country's literary philosophy during a crucial formative period. No trace remains of the irrational moral inhibitions he upheld, but there is a wealth of evidence that the ideas he enunciated on the duty of the novelist to scrutinize his native material and to surrender himself to the commonality are flourishing and are stimulating the best of our younger talents. Is it reasonable to harp on dead faults and neglect living excellences? And is it reasonable to dismiss a man who—irrespective of theory and simply as a person of repute and persuasive style—helped educate the public to an appreciation of the moderns and the giants of realism? One may recall only what is after all very well known—that he encouraged Stephen Crane and championed, against provincialism and prejudice, Tolstoy. How many of the contemporary critics whom we so solemnly read and discuss can claim as much for immortality?

At the heart of his critical writing was his opposition to the development of industrial capitalism. It is impossible to understand him or his work without recognizing that life-long disgust with the spread of mass poverty concurrently with the growth of the privileges of a minority. In his youth and early manhood it took the form of a somewhat dim humanitarianism; later it was inoculated with single-tax doctrines and populism; but in his maturity it became outspoken socialism. There is no secret about it; everyone who knows Howells knows this. Then why has it been befogged and disregarded? D. G. Cooke, in his treatise on Howells's work, spoke vaguely of a "doctrine of equality of experience" and an "American tradition of social equality." Why gloss over the obvious with such nice-Nellie ambiguities? They create difficulties where there should be none. Howells's criticism is clear and consistent once his socialism is acknowledged.

For there was no division between his criticism of life and his criticism of literature. There should never be one in the great critic. Howells said:

> I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me Literature and what seemed to me Life. If I did not find life in what professed to be literature, I disabled its profession, and possibly from this habit, now inveterate with me, I am never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it. . . . I do not wish to part them.

He seldom did part them, and surely we cannot do so. What he had to say about the "Chicago anarchists" is as much a part of his literary criticism as his remarks on the prose of Oliver Wendell Holmes are of his conception of good and evil.

Gentility is in his criticism as well as in his novels—in a sense more so, for it is stated more blatantly. It is well to see it and excoriate it, but our doing so must not permit us to obscure what exists beside it. What was the source of his gentility? He came from Ohio, a pioneer settlement that was not the savage, lawless, unmoral place that Lewis Mumford pictured as the typical frontier in "The Golden Day." It was a piece of New England, sober, industrious, and puritanic. Add to this influence the influence of his home, permeated with the mood of mystical "Swedenborgian fleshlessness," and Howells's prudery becomes entirely comprehensible. He was a fit subject for Boston when he arrived there in his early twenties, and when he found there the culture, the temper, the manners he admired, he gave himself to it unreservedly and was stamped genteel for life.

Gentility became an ingredient of his idealism. The civilization of Boston-Cambridge-Concord seemed to him the highest, the best, the most desirable yet attained by mankind. Nothing in it jarred, nothing was inharmonious. How could he abstract from the whole one of its inherent qualities? Because he couldn't and didn't want to, Victorian morals accompanied learning, goodness, peace, neighborliness, and comfort in his dream of a social goal. He carried it over into his socialism. Since he believed the Massachusetts civilization to be the ultimate, he wanted everyone to participate in it, everywhere in the United States to be like it. He wanted the masses to be freed from wage slavery and get the opportunity to struggle up to a comparable culture. It was a childish, a ridiculous dream, no doubt. It was also, in a way, noble, and on account of it we can forgive him his gentility.

In the light of this we can penetrate better the meaning of such a book as his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances." That rhapsody on Boston, that silly pæan of adoration of every writer in Boston, whether genius or scribbler, was essentially a picture of a society he thought adorable. We today may laugh; we know that in reality it was grossly different from the way Howells saw it. But he saw it myopically, in its loveliest aspects, and his picture of it makes it certainly a more livable place, for men of his environment and aspiration, than any other in the country. And we must remember again that he wanted the most vulgar business population to emulate it and the meanest mill town to be converted into it. In this "preposterous" book, apropos of "Walden," he wrote profoundly:

> If it were newly written it could not fail of a far wider acceptance than it had then, when to those who thought and felt seriously it seemed that if slavery could only be controlled, all things else would come right of themselves with us. Slavery has not only been controlled, but it has been destroyed, and yet things have not begun to come right with us; but it was in the order of Providence that chattel slavery should cease before industrial slavery, and the infinitely crueler and stupider vanity and luxury bred of it, should be attacked.

And of Whittier:

> In the quiet of his country home at Danvers he apparently read all the magazines, and kept himself fully abreast of the literary movement, but I doubt if he so fully appreciated the importance of the social movement. Like some others of the great anti-slavery men, he seemed to imagine that mankind had won itself a clear field by destroying chattel slavery, and he had no sympathy with those who think that the man who may any moment be out of work is industrially a slave.

That was the whole point of Newton Arvin's review in the *New Republic,* some months ago, of Mordell's "Whittier."

A man with those political opinions could not be anything but a democrat in his criticism of literature. Howells pleaded always for simplicity, for an insight into the lowly and the common. He hailed the future of the novel as a glorious one principally because he was convinced that the novelist would tend more and more to detach himself from the "smart set" and the professional bohemians (he felt at home with neither, naturally) and ally himself with the "people," the broad and humble levels of the population. He was aware of the dangers of didacticism: the habit of drawing a "moral," he said, marred the poetry of New England—"they felt their vocation as prophets too much for their good as poets." Nevertheless, he believed that the novelist, just by revealing the truth about human beings and the world they have built, awakens and guides. That implies realism to the roots. Realism is the product of an age of democratic ideals and of science. Howells was almost as much affected by the advances in the latter sphere as in the former. Both were at the bottom of his critical principles. There is no need here to offer details; his principles are known; they are present in all his books (especially, perhaps, in "Criticism and Fiction"). But it is worth repeating that he was the first outstanding critic in the United States to define them and fight for them. Before him criticism had tended toward the aristocratic and the romantic. After him came the twentieth century. The influence of such democratic-realistic manifestos as Frank Norris's "The Responsibilities of the Novelist" and Hamlin Garland's "Crumbling Idols" pales to nothing when compared with Howells's work. He even anticipated later iconoclasts: he argued for contemporaneity before Michael Gold was born; he lashed the pedants for their legislative habits before Spingarn stirred up the academic pot; he recommended the scientific method in criticism long before Max Eastman rose to fame. We may still read and quote Howells with profit. Gentility ruined his novels, but the Boston-spinster sentences in his essays may be shrugged away while we pause over the courageous free-thinking passages.

Courage was one of his splendid traits. We have just seen that he had it in issues pertaining to literature, and we know—from his condemnation of the Spanish War and the annexation of the Philippines, and from his letter to the *New York Tribune* in behalf of the "Chicago anarchists"—that he had it also in issues pertaining to politics and society. It was courageous of him, moreover, to unite the two. It was no "trimmer" that wrote the last paragraphs of "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business." Those paragraphs are among the most memorable in American criticism. It is sad that they are not widely familiar, for they state once and forever, in beautifully sincere and poignant lines the dilemma of the artist who realizes that he cannot consort with the ruling classes, since he is himself a worker and a man of the earth, yet finds it difficult to consort with the masses, since they do not understand or care for him. Some of us today think we see a way out that did not occur to Howells, but we cannot deny the gravity of his problem or deny him the dignity with which he faced it.

It does not matter that Howells was a visionary, that he was sentimental and often confused, that his socialism had a little of Henry George, much of William Morris, and more of Tolstoy in it. His intentions, his "instincts," were in the direction of the truest democracy. In the tradition of rebellion and dissent that runs through American literature—from Sam Adams and Tom Paine through Thoreau and Walt Whitman to Theodore Dreiser—the name of Howells is not written small.

H. W. Garrod, writing in the *London Observer* apropos of the Coleridge centenary, says: "It is true that the best of Coleridge's poetry was written always when he was with, or near, Wordsworth. Some of his poems are Wordsworthian in manner; but he used this Wordsworthian manner before he knew Wordsworth. A less poet than Wordsworth, yet he somehow answers more fully to the idea of a poet. He has more of free creative magic, a more quivering sensibility. He has a mind of richer color and tone."

For to Behold at Dusk

By KIMBALL FLACCUS

VENUS, star of the west, in early April
Burns calm and low where suns have just gone down,
And it is spring, and I am young enough
To waive the established fact that this bright planet
Revolves and eddies in such and such a way,
Through æons mad with stars, and will continue
Year after year to emerge on such a day;
Venus suggests to me no mathematics
Is no phenomenon to take for granted.
Whenever I find myself alone with the hour
That divides light from night, when it is spring,
When birds sing in the pines,—the lively veery
Descending rapidly on a scale of bells,
The hermit thrush whose slow experiment
Calls forth an answering voice from the deep shadows,
Thin as a golden wire that up and up
Revolves beyond all reach of sight and hearing,—
I search the west and find my planet there
And I am glad, and peace flows over me,
Such calm repose as never invades the cities;
Dwellers in city streets would become joyful
Could they look up out of the noisy canyons,
Above hot battlements that bleed at sunset
To the white manifestation of desire,
Symbol of faith that embraces the roots of earth;
For to behold at dusk the beautiful bird-wing
Flash of a planet amid desolation
Is to be washed in fire and purified,
To think of fields new-turned beneath the plough-share,
How cool they are, how sweet the smell of hay,
How firm and white the breasts of one beloved,
How mute the lips, how eloquent the hands;
The hair how lovely stroked back from the temples,
The nacreous shells of ears, the body swaying
In motion as long grass sways to the wind.

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The Prose Writing of Americans

MODERN AMERICAN PROSE. Edited by Carl Van Doren. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS particular anthology needed doing. In a sense it is complementary to Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American Poetry." Mr. Van Doren, with his catholic taste and keen perspicacity, was the ideal man to do the editing. He covers much ground, from Gertrude Stein to Ring Lardner—upon, may I venture to say, what seems to me an ascending scale. Such philosophers and essayists as George Santayana and the late Frank Moore Col-

Photo by Pirie McDonald
STUART P. SHERMAN

by are represented. Here appears the contemporary critic, Edmund Wilson, and the older literary critic, the late Stuart P. Sherman. Van Wyck Brooks is not forgotten, or even Paul Elmer More. George Jean Nathan and Henry L. Mencken ("Nathan, Mencken, and God") stand each with their harness on their back, the former explaining why he bothers at all with the theatre, the latter very pleasantly reminiscing about the late James Huneker. The late John Reed gives us a vivid flash of Moscow as it was in 1919, E. E. Cummings of La Ferté Macé in 1922. And that extraordinary individual, Randolph Bourne, is plucked from the past, for his "History of a Literary Radical." Bourne is now almost like a god in a mythology. He was one of those the gods love. Floyd Dell recalls to us the strange, somewhat airless atmosphere of the old Greenwich Village—he is the fond Bohemian of our time, though now remote from Murger—James Branch Cabell (before his not-so-subtle metamorphosis into Branch Cabell) appears before us as he was when we first exulted in "Beyond Life" and couldn't believe our eyes when we were reading "Jurgen." How golden and mellow those good old days seem now! The selection from Willa Cather is from "The Song of the Lark," and here are the squire of West Chester, Joseph Hergesheimer, and the Playboy *from* the Western World, Carl Van Vechten, both bowing from their brilliant pasts under the ægis of Alfred. I don't see *why* that particular selection from "San Cristobal"—when one considers all Hergesheimer has written—but if one didn't differ with an anthologist what good would he be? His choices must have some of the spice of the unexpected.

Of historical and biographical, rather than of other interest, is Theodore Dreiser's "My Brother Paul." Albert Jay Nock, that exceeding able editor, is represented by his opinion on "Artemus Ward." William Beebe stands tall in the actual jungle, descanting on the psychology of sloths, and Joseph Wood Krutch, from the jungle of stone and steel, turns to the psychology of one quite the opposite of a sloth, a poet who sang more wildly well than any in our time, one Edgar Allan Poe. Of the established older novelists besides those already mentioned, Mr. Van Doren chooses from Edith Wharton "Autres Temps" from "Xingu"; from Sinclair Lewis the Caribbean sojourn of Arrowsmith; and from Sherwood Anderson the short story, "I Want to Know Why." (Allow me specially to applaud this last!)

The leader of the novelists of a new era, F. Scott Fitzgerald, leaps upon the stage like a harlequin with one of the most fantastic of his short stories, "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz." Thomas Beer, who has established a new style in biography, apart from his distinctive work in fiction, is allotted an extract from his "Stephen Crane." Elinor Wylie, greatest as a poet, scintillates in a section of her inimitable novel, "Jennifer Lorn." And, sharply contrasted with her perfect eighteenth century manner in prose, come that most American of hard-boiled American plays, "What Price Glory," by Anderson and Stallings, Ernest Hemingway's "The Killers," William Faulkner's "That Evening Sun" (again a favorite of mine), Thomas Wolfe's "A Portrait of Bascom Hawke," and Erskine Caldwell's "Death of a Hero" (from as unreal a book as I ever read, "God's Little Acre"). Add to these: extracts from the highly kinetic and vividly colored work of John Dos Passos and from the more *précieuse* Thornton Wilder and Glenway Wescott; from the intense Evelyn Scott, the wittily mordant Dorothy Parker, and that powerfully poetic novelist, Elizabeth Madox Roberts; and you have a pretty good cross-section of the best creative writing in prose that is being done today.

What remains to be said is what I conclude from this array as to the state of American letters. Here are some of the old stand of trees, and here is the new growth. I should say that the saplings seem to me both full of sap and sturdy. And the truly urbane seems to me, from this presentation, rather a thing of the past. That is, in a way, a pity; yet the various brilliance of American writers within the last quarter century or so cannot, I think, be disputed. In American literature the unexpected seems usually to happen. Outside such a selection of this is the great welter of books that has flooded, receded, and flooded again through all these years. And among the flotsam and jetsam thrown to the surface was a deal of good writing. We are a wasteful nation. We are prodigal of talent. And writing is no longer a profession apart with us, but an integral part of our daily life; which last is a condition (in spite of all the trash and balderdash many typewriters click out) of which I, for one, highly approve.

Charity Begins Abroad

BOY AND GIRL TRAMPS OF AMERICA. By Thomas Minehan. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE M. GOLDSMITH

REFERRING in his "Conclusions" to our national messianic complex, Mr. Minehan says:

> In days past we prided ourselves upon what we were doing not only for our own youth, but for the youth of all nations. Yet in the crisis we are sublimely doing nothing. . . . While other nations are building up their youth, we are permitting economic conditions to tear ours down. . . . The United States . . . are standing aside while the wolves of chance take the children.

The "children" are the two hundred thousand vagrants between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, of whom one out of every twenty is a girl. The author associated with them off and on for two years, talking their lingo, eating their bread, sharing cold, fatigue, hunger, jail, and every hardship in the lot of a "bo."

Mr. Minehan finds the missions and local relief agencies incompetent to help child tramps. The Civilian Conservation Corps does not reach them for they have neither home nor dependants. Nor are they themselves dependants. That explains why most of them left home: the "big trouble" was upon them and they had to scram; they cannot therefore fall back upon their bankrupt families. Recruits throng their ranks, an ever-increasing army. Neither work nor transient camps now in existence are able to cope with their numbers. Nor are the schools—curtailed as they have been—in a position to take over the burden shifted from family to state.

This economic travesty called society under whose sway we live, is making chronic cases of the youngsters, deforming them into street beggars or jailbirds, shunting them out onto the road again, from town to town, making travel easy but settling down in any one place difficult. It is to our national tradition—expanded to an economic theory of the mobility of labor—that Minehan attributes this vagabond complex in a large number of laborers — seasonal and otherwise — whose every home-making instinct has been uprooted.

Mr. Minehan has a method to propose of minimizing the evil effects of vagrancy. Wary after the brutal practices of the past and with an eye to successful efforts of a humane and constructive nature which like emergencies have called forth in Russia, Germany, and almost all of Europe, he would support summer camps with libraries, lecture-halls, and theatres, where games and sports of every description, calisthenics, crafts, and debating may be taught. However, realizing that such a place trains for camp life and not the complex social life of an adult, he offers a project for colonization—another twentieth century homesteading plan similar to Reedville, where self-respect and optimism become the natural heritage of these homeless thousands.

Why did not Minehan stick to his thesis? He shows to better advantage as a social historian than as a novelist. A convert to the cult of popularization, he gives one more reason. "Analysis was unsatisfactory. . . . To describe their life in statistical terms was . . . untrue." A qualified observer and reporter, he yet fails to give us life as, for instance, Harry Kemp does in "Tramping on Life."

When he turns historian for the group and traces vagabondage back to classical times, thence through the Crusades and down to the present, Minehan becomes convincing. He might have used the episode of Flagler's manager, Parrot, who brought four thousand transients from northern cities to Florida for building the Florida East Coast spur, the "Overseas Railroad" to Key West. Parrot's experience on that occasion was not reassuring: the crew all proved to be shiftless and a new force of skilled laborers had to be hired.

Not a few boys on the road since the depression have acquired the veteran tramp's mistrust of work. It is this anti-social trend of a bum's psychology, this enervating influence of the road, that challenges all citizens worthy of the name. How often we hear that desperate cry of the unfortunate boys in their teens: "I don't want to be a bum!"

Such Is Farming

THE BARTER LADY. A Woman Farmer Sees It Through. By Evelyn Harris. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE BALL RIPLEY

SOME nine years ago Evelyn Harris's husband died, leaving her with a Chesapeake Bay farm to manage and five children to bring up. "The Barter Lady" is the story of those years. They were years of struggle, of careful planning, of unremitting work for a worthwhile end. And one feels that in spite of tribulations (of which Mrs. Harris has certainly had her share) they were happy

EVELYN HARRIS

years. Between the lines the author stands out, a person of sense and humor and courage.

"Write what you do," an editor once told Mrs. Harris, "not what you think." As advice this would seem to have been sound. One cannot help regretting that the author, who writes so interestingly of the day to day life of her own farm and the details of its management, did not give us more of this and less of her analysis of general economic problems. Her conclusions in this regard somehow lack convincingness and the occasional long interpolations on the plight of American agriculture tend to break the flow of an otherwise simple and telling narrative. It is when Mrs. Harris rolls up her sleeves and ties on her apron and goes about overseeing the actual work of her house and farm that her story has force and character. One line of her homely and commonsense philosophy on this subject is worth a page of economic theorizing.

Educated to be a musician, married to a farmer, she found herself left as the manager of a proposition certainly as difficult and requiring as much expenditure of capital and hiring of labor as many manufacturing plants. Among other things, there were thirty thousand pear trees (some three hundred acres of pears) to finance and bring into bearing. The average reader, who has had no experience in fruit growing, will be startled to discover what it takes to put a dish of Bartletts on the breakfast table—and how small a proportion of the price filters down to the grower. Perhaps the most interesting parts of Mrs. Harris's book are those dealing with her experiences in marketing her fruit. No one knows as well as the farmer the chicanery of the commission men and the utter stupidity of our system of distribution of perishable crops. And no one is less able to do anything about it.

Troubles there are in plenty. "It came a hail." "It came a freeze." "It came a flood." "It came a drought." That is farming.

However—"I decided in September 1926 that the farm was the place for me," says Mrs. Harris. "And I haven't given it up yet." And that is farming, too.

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Mrs. Ripley has described her experiences as farmer in "Sand in My Shoes."

SOME OF THE AUTHORS WHO ARE WRITING AMERICAN PROSE TODAY
From left to right—Ernest Hemingway, Dorothy Parker, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, and Sherwood Anderson

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The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

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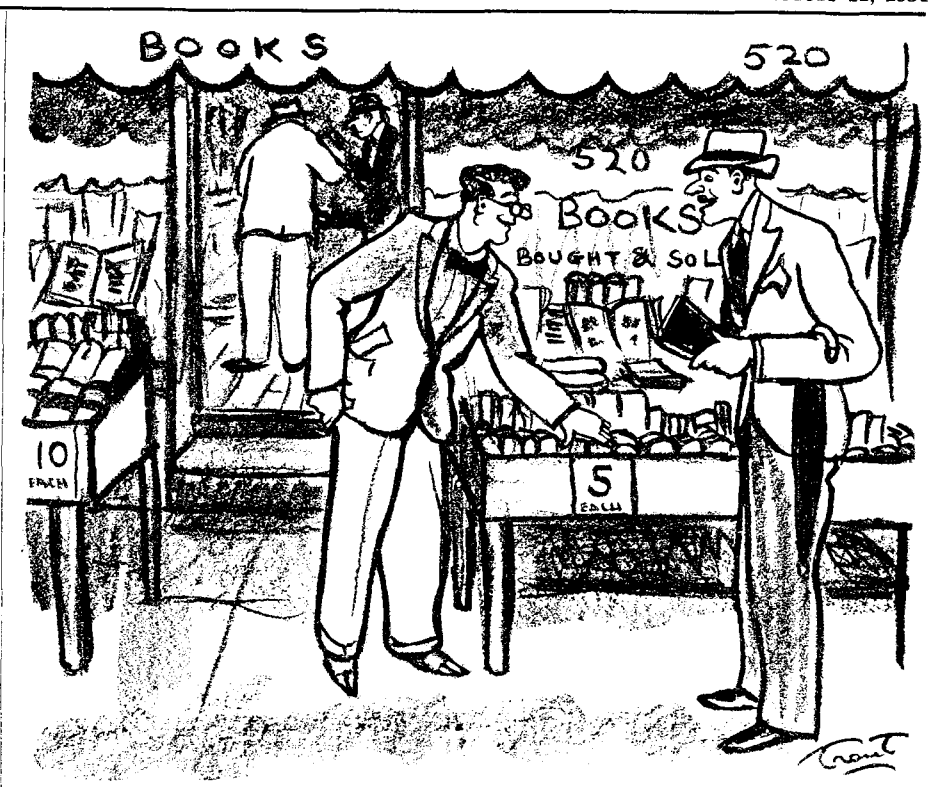
Present and Past

It is an anomaly more startling than curious perhaps, that as man's ability to observe the events of his day increases, his vision is myopically contracted. It is undoubtedly the very multiplicity and complexity of the happenings which modern methods of transmission of news bring within his ken that make it so difficult for him to turn his gaze from matters of the moment to the wider field of history. When governments crash and rulers climb to power or, in the German propagandist's term, "pass into eternity," as he watches, it is surpassing hard to remember that a long past and in all probability a longer future stretch away from the present. The moment engulfs us, civilization seems to totter, and chaos to threaten with the crisis of the instant. Yet the world has weathered many crises. If our self-appointed critics of contemporary affairs who, heaven knows, have enough to render them pessimistic in the march of current events, were to take time off to steep themselves a little in history, they might perhaps be less quick than now to pronounce finis to civilization, and more ready to grant that no era but has thrust some of its roots into the new soil of the future as it has nourished them on the old mold of the past.

But the trouble with so many of our critics is that they know no history. They are pragmatists who estimate happenings solely in their bearing on the interests of the moment, and who measure the happiness and success of nations in terms of the creeds of the day. They have neither the inclination nor the leisure to turn from the exciting incidents of the hour to the no less portentous events of bygone times, and consequently ever and again they improvise solutions to the problems that confront them, the unsoundness of which they would have to go no further than the schoolbooks to discover. It is a pity, for nothing more confuses judgment than vociferous opinion sprung from unfortified theorizing. Government could have no worse enemy. For when to the threat to the self-interest of its people which radical change implies is added addled discussion of complications, then indeed does national morale stand in danger of demoralization.

And the relation of all this to literature? None, except insomuch as literature, in Carlyle's phrase, is the Thought of thinking Souls, and as its influence can be thrown to the cause of enlightening public opinion. There are all too many discussions of public affairs being constantly rushed into print that are merely the vaporings of excited individuals who see calamity written large on the face of the coming years, and who darken counsels by their despondency or their rashly offered panaceas. They may be right in their prophecies of gloom—he would be foolhardy indeed who would venture to deny them the possibility of ill. But they are hardly likely to render their forecasts less probable of materialization by half-baked cure-alls and ignorance of the past. The times cry aloud for knowledge, and knowledge, and more knowledge—for all the sober judgment, and all the carefully reasoned advice, and all the clear thinking that are to be found. Even today Englishmen come across the ocean and tell us that if we had followed more closely the train of political and economic developments in Great Britain we should not now be seeking salvation in certain measures there already proved useless. However that may be, certainly there can be only benefit to be derived from a study of the teachings of history, only danger in the glib assurance that offers theorizing in ignorance of them.



"DR. ROSENBACH GAVE ME A DIME FOR A FIVE CENT BOOK ONCE!"

Letters to the Editor: *A Member of the Younger Generation Speaks Out*

Disillusioned Youth

SIR:—I am a college freshman. I was, until a few days ago, as happy and contented as is possible for a member of a generation that cannot call itself "lost" since it was never "found" in the first place. I had discovered that my greatest pleasures lay in reading the books I liked and, perhaps, in cherishing a few secret ambitions of writing some day myself. But all that is changed now, and since I have Christopher Morley to blame for my lost happiness, I feel that its ghost should be haunting you also. Therefore, I am writing this letter in a spirit of more or less gentle reproach.

It all came about in this manner: since I first started reading Mr. Morley's books, I had always had dangled enticingly before me the writings of Logan Pearsall Smith. Time and again I had promised myself to beg, steal, or borrow a copy of "Trivia," and see to just what extent his praise of it and its companion volumes was justified. But, as often as I vowed to obtain this book at long last, just as often, fortunately for myself, was my vow neglected.

Last week, however, guided, I doubt not, by some malign and evil power, I came across a copy of "All Trivia," which copy I immediately seized and took home. Having disposed of the book I was reading at the time, and wanting to read just a few pages to compose my mind for sleep, I started the book that very evening.

Now, everything might have been all right, had I only picked up a copy of "Trivia," or "More Trivia," or any one of the individual volumes. But no, I had to pick up "All Trivia," and having picked it up, I had to read it. And having read it—well—

For with "All Trivia" behind me, what possible enjoyment can there be in reading anything else? And what could possibly be the use in cherishing ambitions now exposed as completely futile? Has not Smith said everything that can be said, for once and for all? And has he not said it with a clarity and a succinctness that are impossible to emulate? I believe so, and it is this belief that has led me to write you.

Since I started this letter, I have seen the huge, black banner-head on the local Hearst evening paper. It says: "Europe Near New War." I suppose that I should go to bed this evening, apprehensive and fearful, to spend the night, without sleep, thinking about the possibility of war, and my part in it. This I *should* do, but, instead, any inability of mine to sleep will be caused only by this terrific Washington heat.

Together with a large part of my generation, I have finally reached the point where I do not care whether we have a war or not. The mistakes of the past, particularly the World War, are not unknown to us, and once we passionately desired to avoid war at any cost. But now we do not, we cannot, care. We have seen men who should know through bitter experience that war does no one good and every one harm, go rapidly and calmly on with their armament plans. We have seen the militarists gain the upper hand in country after country. We have seen the League of Nations fail utterly in the crisis; and we no longer hope.

You may say, perhaps, that I am unduly pessimistic; that, together with my fellows, I am quitting long before the fight begins. I almost agree with you in this. Certainly, the very fact that Hearst says that war is imminent encourages me to believe that it is still far off. But is it far enough off? And, after all, is not war something definite in a world that has not even vague promises to offer us?

We are trying desperately to adjust ourselves to present day conditions, but we are completely bereft of all standards, all values. That is why, as a last resort, we are building up for ourselves a philosophy of despair, although we are fully aware of the terrible danger to ourselves and to the world that lies in our doing so; that is why *The Saturday Review* is fully justified in its editorial denunciation of the failure of youth in the crisis; and that is why I will sleep tonight a sleep untroubled by spectres of war. PYKE JOHNSON, JR.

Chevy Chase, D. C.

Prophecy Is Dangerous

SIR:—George Jean Nathan in his books on the theatre is so cross and so grouchy and so caustic in his dealings with the average production of today that he is satisfying reading for some of us who feel that way and like somebody else to say so.

Moreover, on rereading his works, one sometimes has the luck of discovering a humorous slant that perhaps was not intentional on the part of the vitriolic author.

In his "Art of the Night," 1928, pages 134 through 139 are devoted to his railings against the vitaphone. Some of us, having an innate antipathy to talkies, eat these railings right up.

But just listen:—on page 134 he says, "For if the vitaphone or its like is ever adopted generally by the movies it will not be long before the galleries of the legitimate theatres are again filled with the class who deserted them some years ago for the films."

From there on, for several pages, he explains that no movie audience is equal to the strain on its intelligence required by listening to words.

On page 138, "The moving picture fortunes have been built upon the sagacious business theory of showing the boobs everything and telling them nothing." And "If the vitaphone were to stick to words of one syllable, the movies might use it to some advantage. That is possible. But the moment it went in for words of two or, on gala occasions, three, Mr. Adolph Zukor would have to sell his twelve Rolls-Royces and 82-carat diamond suspender buckles, learn English, and go back to work."

What a tough world this is for Mr. Nathan. But I hope his new book is coming out soon. MARCIA F. HEALD.

Yonkers, N. Y.

The Browning Forgery

SIR:—Like all other biographers of the Brownings since Lilian Whiting in 1911 gave us the definite statement of Robert Barrett Browning that his father first saw the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" at Bagni di Lucca in 1849, I had to make my choice between that statement and the Gosse story of the Sonnets having been sent in 1847 to Miss Mitford to be printed. I did not hesitate, largely because I like my psychology straight. Elizabeth Browning, a high-minded English gentlewoman of the Victorian tradition, actuated always by exceptional delicacy and reticence, would never, in one outstanding instance of a lifetime, have violated that delicacy by showing to any one the intimate outpourings of her struggle from the shadow of death back to life and love, before she gave them to her husband to whom they belonged. Nor would she have chosen Miss Mitford of whom she wrote: "I love Miss Mitford though she understands me no more than you in England understand Louis Napoleon," and, "Personally she and I are strangers." The commerce of these two Victorian writers was on the subject of books, people, events, never of soul intimacy.

After the publication of my book I received some very pleasant letters from Mr. Thomas J. Wise. Speaking of the Reading Edition he made a statement of special interest just now since the Carter and Pollard book calls attention to the fact that no presentation copies exist: "The story has been told so many times by Forman, Gosse, myself, and others. Browning gave his own copy of the Reading booklet to Mrs. Orr. I possess Miss Mitford's copy."

We have all wondered what Browning thought of this discovery in 1886 of a hitherto unknown "first edition" of the Sonnets. I am afraid we shall never know!

HARRIET GAYLORD.

Yonkers, New York.

The Late Edward Atkinson

SIR:—Mr. Harold Williamson, recently a graduate student at Harvard and now an instructor in economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, took as the subject for his Ph.D. thesis the life of my father, the late Edward Atkinson who died in 1905. Besides being an eminent economist my father was a man of many and broad interests. Mr. Williamson's thesis upon him was so excellent a piece of work that I have decided to publish it with an additional chapter of my own upon my father's personal characteristics. I should be glad to get any of his letters or recollections of him which any of your readers may have, and shall of course return in good condition any correspondence that may be sent me.

EDWARD ATKINSON.

152 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE BALLIOLS. By ALEC WAUGH. *Farrar & Rinehart.* One more saga of English family life.

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.* A chronicle of a trip through England from end to end.

THE HUNDRED DAYS. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Putnam.* An account of Napoleon's escape from Elba and return to France.

This Less Recent Book:

THE TESTAMENT OF YOUTH. By VERA BRITTAIN. *Macmillan.* An argument against war, if there ever was one.

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A Bibliographical Hoax

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF CERTAIN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAMPHLETS. By John Carter and Graham Pollard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $6.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

THIS book tells the story of a protracted fraud, which has remained undetected for over forty years, in which men of high scholarly repute have apparently been concerned, and the exposure of which will cause dismay among all who are seriously interested in the study of modern English literature. The *exposé* is more important and far-reaching than may at first appear. It is no matter which concerns a few collectors of old books and rare editions: it touches, or will ultimately touch, scholars as well as bibliophiles, and literary historians as well as booksellers. The recently established "science" of bibliography is involved since it deals with the nature of evidence and reposes upon the honesty and accuracy of those who profess to set it forth.

At first blush, the list of these forty-six suspected volumes is not specially impressive. There is but one title among them that is widely and popularly known, Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," hitherto supposed to have been first printed at Reading in 1847, but now proved to have appeared first in the collected works of the poetess, dated 1850. Other spurious "firsts" are Robert Browning's "Statue and the Bust" (1855), Rossetti's "Sister Helen" (1857), Swinburne's "Laus Veneris" (1866), and Tennyson's "Lucretius" (Cambridge, Mass., 1868). Others are titles even less well-known, with which perhaps the average reader of poetry will not be readily familiar: George Eliot's "Agatha" and "Brother and Sister," Ruskin's "Leoni" and "The Scythian Guest," Tennyson's "Carmen Seculare," and Arnold's "Saint Brandan." There are also certain brief works in prose, as Dickens's "To Be Read at Dusk," Ruskin's "Queen's Gardens," and Thackeray's "Leaf out of a Sketch-book." All may of course be found in standard editions of the author's complete works, but the pamphlets (now proved to be forgeries or shown to be highly suspicious) have hitherto been supposed to be first or "trial" printings. As a matter of fact they are late forgeries, usually derived from the very texts they profess to have preceded. Most of them appeared between the years 1889 and 1899, and are now shown to be printed on paper composed of chemical wood or other substitutes for rags (not in general use before 1880), and, in a large number of instances, set up from a font of type not cast till 1880. They were printed by Messrs. R. Clay & Sons, and passed, in large numbers, through the hands of Mr. Thomas J. Wise and Mr. Herbert Gorfin; by the latter they were disposed of to more prominent booksellers. Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard do not charge any of these gentlemen with complicity in the fraud. The original fabricator—the "first begetter" of the scheme—they do not identify. There is throughout the book the greatest caution in the use of language and a manifest desire to avoid possible future legal procedure. Mr. Wise and Mr. Buxton Forman (son of the late scholar of the same name) have already in the pages of the *Times Literary Supplement* made somewhat feeble rejoinders to the charges, but nothing has yet been said to invalidate the arguments here employed. A detailed and convincing answer would fill a book as long and as admirably documented as the one here reviewed.

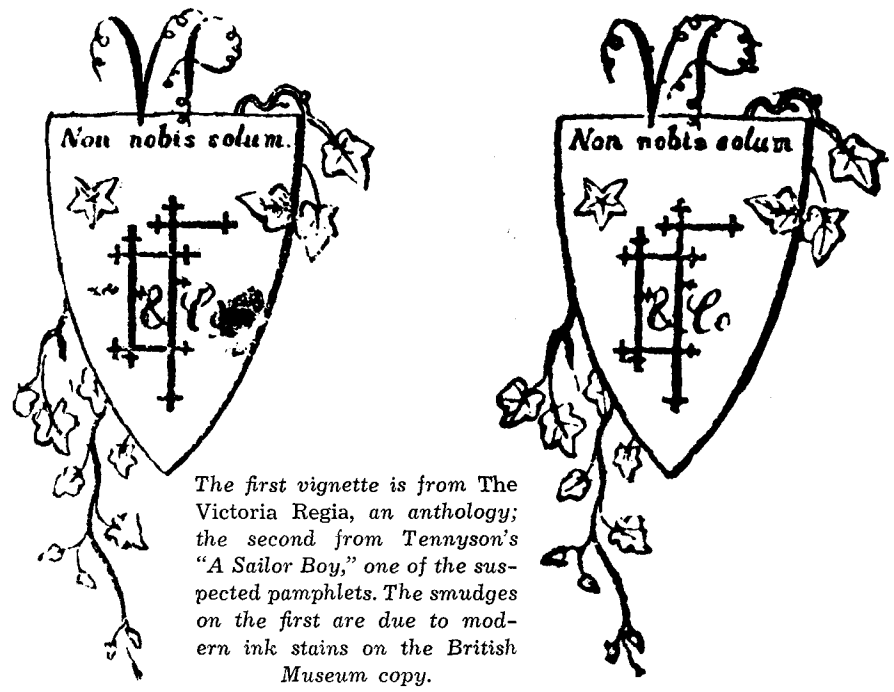
A study of the titles here brought under discussion reveals the fact that it is, in general, the minor or fugitive works of the great that were selected by the forger for reproduction. They are all of importance, however, to the serious inquirer or to the editor of the author's collected works. No really unimportant authors were laid under contribution, and none who flourished before the Victorian era, the solitary exception to the last assertion being Wordsworth. In the year 1846, at the age of seventy-five, that poet presented to Queen Victoria a copy of his collected poems, on the fly-leaf of which he wrote certain dedicatory verses in manuscript.

This instance may well serve as an example of the forger's procedure. In 1889 in his "Life of Wordsworth" (vol. III, p. 470) William Knight, by gracious permission of the Queen, printed these verses, which then for the first time were accessible to the public. How easy to print off a very few copies (from Professor Knight's text), and date them 1846, asserting that they were "printed for the author, by R. Braithwaite and Son, Kendal." Wordsworth is known to have printed certain of his poems privately—"Grace Darling" is an example—why not these "Dedicatory Verses" as well? But, unfortunately, in the printing a font of type was employed that was not cast till long after the death of the poet! Mr. Wise, in his Bibliography of Wordsworth (1916), asserts that "a few years ago a tiny 'remainder,' consisting of half a dozen copies, was unearthed," but how or where they were so unearthed he does not tell.

Such, in general, then, was the practice followed. To quote our authors,

> This formula, which is as simple as it is effective, consisted in taking some suitable piece from a published volume, printing it in pamphlet form with an earlier date, and thus *creating* a first edition. . . In many cases, poems were chosen which had originally appeared in collected volumes by different authors, periodicals, or daily papers, and this, with its vague suggestion of protecting copyright, gave an added plausibility to a pamphlet issue for private circulation. . . Periodical publication is almost ignored by collectors, so that the pamphlet ranked as a first edition: it preceded the published volume in which its contents (almost always) afterwards appeared: it had the great merit to the collector of being "privately printed," whether explicity or by implication: above all, it avoided for the forger the disadvantage of the fake reprint, in that it had no original to be compared with—it was an independent original itself.

Mistakes of course were made, and in one or two instances these were noticed. In 1898, for example, Messrs. T. and A. Constable, the publishers of Stevenson's works, inquired in the columns of the *Athenæum* respecting the authenticity of a pamphlet of Stevenson's entitled "Some College Memories," 1886, and supposed to have been privately issued for the author. The pamphlet is audaciously said to have been "printed for members of the University Union Committee," though no surviving member of that Committee could remember anything about it. Messrs. Constable wrote, "It appears to have been printed to catch the collector of first editions and can doubtless be multiplied indefinitely. But it is not a first edition—merely a pirated reprint, of which the sale is illegal." To this and a second letter Mr. Thomas Wise replied, protesting that "the position of that book is unassailable, and its validity is beyond dispute." All this in 1898.



The first vignette is from The Victoria Regia, *an anthology; the second from Tennyson's "A Sailor Boy," one of the suspected pamphlets. The smudges on the first are due to modern ink stains on the British Museum copy.*

Again Cook and Wedderburn in their colossal edition of the works of Ruskin (vol. XVIII., 1905) exposed the worthlessness of the pamphlet entitled "The Queen's Gardens," 1864, impudently put forth as "printed in aid of the St. Andrews Schools Fund." But very few persons are apt to take notice of the details of collations, which, in this case, were in fine print. The exposure was ignored by book-collectors, if, indeed, it was ever noticed by any of them, and the rapid decline of Ruskin's reputation hastened the oblivion into which the matter fell.

A third instance. Some ten years ago, the present writer and a friend, also interested in book-collecting, became suspicious of the pamphlet issue of George Eliot's "Brother and Sister," "For private circulation only," 1869. A prominent firm of booksellers in London who had sold the book were asked to authenticate it. They replied that our queries had been submitted to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edmund Gosse, who belittled our suspicions and defended the authenticity of the pamphlet, but desired the booksellers to make nothing of his connection with the incident.

The motives lying behind all the elaborate deceit which Messrs. Carter and Pollard reveal in their book are not easily determined. It was clearly not a money-getting scheme. The forger could not hope to reap any large amount of profit from his wares because they were difficult to market. They had to be sold in bulk and at wholesale prices. Large numbers of them came into the hands of Mr. Wise as "remainders," and he disposed of them as best he could. Many were sold on commission by Mr. Herbert Gorfin, who also bought them in quantity for his own stock. The record of his transactions with Mr. Wise is given by our authors, and will be read with amazement. The little volumes, though always advertised as excessively rare, were often sold to the middleman for a song. For example, the present writer long ago purchased a copy of Arnold's "Saint Brandan" for fifteen dollars. Copies were sold by Mr. Wise to Mr. Gorfin in 1910 for three shillings apiece. The booksellers, quite unconscious of any sharp dealing, took the lion's share of the profits. This is of course natural enough; the matter is touched on here merely to show that the promotors of the scheme could not have been—and probably had no thought of being—greatly enriched by what they were doing.

What Mr. Wise gained by the handling of the volumes is clear enough. He was able to enrich his own library with the finest copies known to exist of pamphlets which were eagerly desired by the great national libraries of England and America, as well as by all private collectors of such material. By controlling (through Mr. Gorfin and the others) the distribution of the pamphlets which had come into his possession so luckily, he was able to shed lustre on his own vast collection. He himself presented copies of certain of the pamphlets to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the library of Cambridge University, and these were always gratefully received. Every such move tended to establish his reputation as a bibliographer and librarian; so that he has been universally acknowledged as one of the leading English bibliographers of our time. His word has been law, although he has at times been charged with dogmatism and a tendency to cry up his own possessions.

The effect of this *exposé* will be felt at once by three classes of people—collectors, librarians, and booksellers. The disgust of collectors will be increasingly evident as their incredulity is dispelled, and many will give up "the game" altogether. Prices of rare books will decline sharply, and the demand of the purchaser for adequate authentication will rise correspondingly—indeed unreasonably. "The spuriousness of these books," our authors say, "must inevitably cast aspersions on many similar books which are, in fact, genuine. If these, so plausible, so well established, are forgeries, what can we trust? If Mr. Wise, one of the most eminent bibliographers of our time, can be so extensively wrong, who can we be sure is right?" *Caveat emptor* will be the maxim of the new day. Buyers will refuse a book because it gives evidence of having been mended. The fear of rebound books and "made-up copies" will spread. Nobody will want a volume that has been "re-set" or recased, that has new end-papers or shows signs of any other kind of repair,—all on the theory that such handling often betrays a dishonest intention. A general atmosphere of suspicion will prevail in auction-rooms, and cataloguers of *rariora* will have to practise a new caution. But judicious collectors will seize the opportunity afforded by the depressed market to fill gaps in their shelves. They will of course have to endure a good deal of derision from those wiseacres who have always sneered at the interest in first editions; but gradually, very gradually, peace and confidence will be restored, and if there should never be a return to the mad enthusiasm of 1929, which culminated in the Kern Sale, there will be nothing to regret.

As for librarians, the new crisis is their opportunity. No sensible librarian will hesitate to admit that these forgeries are to be found in his stacks; he need not blush over accessions which have been gratefully received into the British Museum and the Bodleian. Nay, he should congratulate himself on having them, and should at once try to acquire (at low price, to be sure) the pamphlets which he lacks. A complete set of these suspected books should be in every great library, so that scholars may have an opportunity to assess the exact amount of mischief that has

The first head is from The Victoria Regia, *an anthology; the second, the same sketch in the suspected pamphlet, Thackeray's "A Leaf out of a Sketch-Book." Notice how in the second the lines are broken.*

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been done and of misinformation that has been spread abroad in the name of bibliography. If the pamphlets are thrown out as worthless or regarded as mere curiosities, there will be no way of testing the work of Messrs. Carter and Pollard or of sifting the chaff out of the vast bibliographical publications of our time.

The booksellers are of course in the worst plight of all. Just how are they to appease their indignant patrons? That they were innocent of any dishonest intention in selling these pamphlets, everybody will readily admit. But however unsuspecting they may have been, the fact remains that the purchaser has been hoaxed. They can hardly be asked to take the books back and refund the money paid, though it would be exceedingly interesting to know what would be the result of such an experiment. I think it would probably pay in the end. But perhaps we ought not to suggest such quixotic generosity in these hard times. Is it, however, too much to hope that the associated booksellers of New York may have something to say to those of us who have had unquestioning confidence in their judgment? If they still believe in these suspected books, if they still accept the authority of those who originally sponsored them, they should speak. If they reject the views of Messrs. Carter and Pollard, they should tell us why.

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Chauncey B. Tinker, professor of English literature at Yale University, is Keeper of Rare Books at the Yale University Library.

The Turn of the Wheel

(*Continued from first page*)

dividuals, and so we get a novel that deals in five books and an epilogue with the fortunes, the thoughts, and the passions of various members of a family of the upper-middle class called Balliol.

Mr. Waugh's imagination, his gift for characterization, and his stylistic qualities lend to the story real distinction. Here is the work of a highly talented writer in the prime of life who has had such ample practice in his art that a slip in technique is almost unthinkable. He is adroit in sustaining the interest of the reader through a book that seems to me palpably too long (only in the actual war scenes does the interest seem to flag), and he perfectly conceals the art by which he does it. There are passages so subtly contrived as to draw from the experienced reviewer a gasp of admiration. For instance, the seduction of Ruth Balliol is the very best that I ever remember to have read. What nice girl, one is tempted to ask, could resist a seduction so charmingly described? Not one of the numerous characters is indistinct — old Balliol, the prosperous wine merchant; his eldest daughter, Lucy, who plunged into the militant suffragist movement because of adoration for her aunt, Stella; Stella herself, the suffragette leader; Ruth, the younger sister; Hugh and Francis, the two sons, the one in the army, the other a schoolboy during the war; Jane Balliol, the wife, in whose eyes is a far-away look that handsome, poetic, young Roy Rickman put there and that stayed; and finally Helen, who was a baby in 1914, and completes the cycle of woman's ways that has been traced through the suffrage movement, the war work, the flapper age, back to a more Victorian dignity and reserve.

Mr. Waugh's book stands out from the welter of "generation" or family novels by reason of the clear conception that the author has, and holds to, of what he set out to do. If I am to be ungracious enough to quarrel at all with one who seems disposed to restore my status as hero, it is not because of any failure in the execution of his task, but because I think it is time that writers of Mr. Waugh's distinction gave surcease to a field that has been so much turned over and began to plough the more virgin ground of the contemporary scene.

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Stanley Went, though he has for many years been resident in America, has resisted temptation to belong to any other nation and still remains an Englishman. He joined the English army before America entered the war, leaving his associate editorship of the Nation *in order to do so.*

The Chronicle of a Free Spirit

TALE WITHOUT END. By Lilo Linke. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE charm of Fräulein Linke's narrative is a little like that of those peasant bathing-girls of Zorn's, standing as God made them, knee-deep in the water that washes their Swedish rocks, squinting at you and the sun, and as unconscious of the one as the other. It is all youth and health and clear-eyed candor. But *something more, of course, for this* young German girl is anything but cow-like, she has keen eyes and an unusual gift of expression.

A student at a workers' college at Frankfurt-am-Main, she went on a bicycle trip to France with several of the working-class boys of her school, herself apparently, of rather more "bourgeois" beginnings than the others, although she doesn't go into that. They were all part of the post-war, pre-Hitler Youth Movement, afire with generous dreams of a new and better world, cut almost as loose as young Russian "komsomols" from any rooted attachment to the old. None had travelled. France was a mysterious land of which they had heard and read all their lives, had seen on postcards and in the movies. With just enough scraped together to give them one more or less square meal a day, they crossed the frontier, footloose and ingenuous as birds flying south.

The main reason for Fräulein Linke's going was to be near Fred, with whom she was desperately in love. She even arranged—for they had to double up sometimes to save expenses—to share a room with Fred. But Fred's father had been killed in the war—so young that it is hard to realize he could already have had a grown son—and some strange preoccupation with death, or life, held the boy back. She couldn't stand it any longer, finally, and left the boys to go on by herself.

Once, in a third-class carriage, there was a nice-looking young sailor who took great pains to show that he didn't take any notice of her.

> How well I know such boys! They are too proud, too timid, too conscious of their duty and their own importance to kiss a girl for pleasure. On the first page of their "book of morals for daily use" they have written the words of their mother: Beware of women! That was meant for the time of puberty, but they keep to it through their whole life. In

LILO LINKE

> Germany such young men join the Boy Scouts, later the army or the military associations, and remain children forever. It is nearly impossible to seduce them although many women try over and over again because they are so attractive and clean. They burn always only half way. They are like a motorcycle which one sets going, and when one thinks it will run all right now and jumps on the pedals, it is already stopping. They never reach the stage of full swing. One tries it once or twice, at last it becomes boring or annoying and one changes it. There is no hope of repair.

Such an observation would be something quite other than what it actually is, in the context, were Fräulein Linke older or tainted with any variety of bohemianism or anything but that unique mixture of youth, health, honesty, shyness, and gay courage. Here is a "free" spirit, in the literal sense, unbound by what has gone before. During the mass in Brittany, she sang her own hymn: "What a wonderful experience is life. Short, so short. It moves quickly, and the world is great, and I want to see it, hear it, taste it, smell and feel it. How I like you all, you funny people. And thank You, God, that I am only here on holiday and soon shall see another place. Amen."

After she left the boys, she knocked about all over France, living with working-people and sometimes working with them. She worked in the fields in Brittany, saw Lyons and the silk weavers, the South and wine-making, and went out to sea from Marseilles for several days on a trawler. She sees a lot, always, and—partly, no doubt, because of her workers' college training and the tragedy through which her whole generation had lived—more deeply than English-speaking girls of her age would. And in all her reporting there is humor and extraordinary vigor and freshness.

The real distinction which Fräulein Linke's little record possesses is less, one might suggest, a matter of unique qualities of perception on her part than of unique ability to set down literally just what she saw and felt. Doubtless there are a dozen American college boys and girls now hiking somewhere or other on their first trip to Europe, or threshing wheat or stoking coal or hitch-hiking across the continent, who could produce just as interesting a record as this if they had a similarly complete candor. But ninety-nine out of a hundred young people will, in such circumstances, try to imitate their literary heroes of the moment, or be hobbled, consciously or not, by influences outside themselves. Freedom such as this German girl's spirit enjoys—or did at the time this little book was written—is indeed a gift!

Expert Short Stories

EAST AND WEST. The Collected Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1934. $3.

AS a novelist and playwright, Mr. Maugham's reputation is firmly established. His novel "Of Human Bondage" has already gathered to itself through nineteen years a public esteem unusual in the history of contemporary works of serious fiction. It has but just reached the "screen," that seeming touchstone of "what the public wants," yet it is not at all unlikely that it and the play "Rain," fashioned from a short story of Mr. Maugham's originally entitled "Miss Thompson," will remain as honorable additions to the fictional art when most contemporary work is forgotten. "Rain," now so retitled as a short story in the book before us, may not be the best short story Mr. Maugham has written, but it is one of the best; and now it and twenty-nine others are gathered together as an exhibit of one English writer's work in this field. There are few, either in England or America who can surpass him in the medium.

The collection is distinguished by his *flair for characters*, his close observation of "all sorts and conditions of men." As nearly as may be his sympathy is unprejudiced. He deals gently with a good many shady and tortured characters, but he possesses overpoweringly the avid curiosity of one who finds all life material for his creative pen. Wheresoever fell his lot he would be acutely observing the specimens of human nature that came under his eye, neither sentimentally nor censoriously but with a vital interest in the springs of their strange behavior. In "The Fall of Edward Barnard" the beauty as well as the more sinister aspect of the East, Tahiti in this instance as the former story is of Samoa, is shown as a compelling force. This second tale is hardly one of the author's best, but there is a very good satirical ending to it, in which the life-ambitions of the two young Americans who feel that their mutual friend is throwing his life away in the far-off islands, are displayed in all their pettiness. Rarely has the great American ideal of "make-the-most-money-and-buy-your-wife-everything-she-wants" been so beautifully ridiculed or better shown to be the empty trifling with life that it is.

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MAUGHAM AT HIS VILLA AT CAP FERRAT

Sometimes one has hopes that America is now outgrowing that peculiarly idiotic adolescent phase of its development that has produced all the worst half-wits and bores of the nation. There will come a time when the life of the great American business man, so long held before aspiring youth as the pattern of all virtue, will be shown for the stupid, shabby, and selfish existence it often was — to which an ambitionless existence in the South Seas might easily be preferred, even though in the society of such derelicts from righteous and sober life as Kipling once put in a poem. That is Mr. Maugham's only "crack" at America in a short story, so far as I know, and though his story now seems somehow old-fashioned in its American characters and in its "plot," his slyly sagacious observation of types is apparent.

There are several fine stories of hatred bred by the close association of different types of men in the English governorship of the Malay States. One is "Mackintosh," where even the death of a particularly unlovely type of bully becomes tragic through his genuine feeling for the natives, and one is "The Outstation," where snob and radical are drawn in juxtaposition in such a manner that one can both dislike the defects of each and also find in each certain peculiar virtues. This strange ability not actually to "take sides" but always to present the human being under all the curious warpings that nature and circumstance have lent him is one of Mr. Maugham's more notable gifts. You can find it in the last state of the characters who formed originally the protagonists of an idyllic love-story, in "Red"; you can observe it in the dissection of the wife in one of the best of his stories, "The Letter," in the study of how a perfectly conventional woman was led to commit and hide a murder in "Before the Party," and the immense irony of the reactions of her conventional family thereto. You can find it in the stories concerning Englishmen who took native mistresses and the study of the half-caste in "The Yellow Streak." And you can even find it in those avowedly satirical stories, "The Round Dozen," and "The Creative Impulse," where the vanity of a scoundrel, the almost unbelievable Victorianism of an English family of other days, and the marvelous "dumbness" of a clever lady writer with a salon are all spread suavely before one. A few of the stories in the book are from the experiences of "Ashenden," the British agent who once formed a book by himself. And among these the character known as "The Hairless Mexican" is no less than a superb portrait.

Somerset Maugham has made the background of Malaysia almost as much his as did Kipling an earlier India. He may even be said to compare favorably in his craftsmanship, on occasion, with that elder master-craftsman of the brief tale. That is high praise. His acquaintance with human nature seems a good deal wider, though his artistry is not so great. In any event, his short stories may be recommended as remarkably good, though in many instances not remarkably subtle.

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Trans-Mississippi Explorations

THE EXPLORATION OF WESTERN AMERICA, 1800-1850. *By E. W. Gilbert. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT has been left for an Englishman to make one of the most valuable contributions of recent years to the history of Western North America. We have had from American pens numerous historical accounts of the work of trans-Mississippi explorers and of the growth of trans-Mississippi settlement. But Mr. Gilbert, formerly of Oxford and now of the University of Reading, has given us something new and highly useful—a historical geography of this region up to 1850. It is curious that no one on this side of the Atlantic thought of doing so before him. He begins by a scientific analysis of the region which in 1800 remained to be explored, describing the difficulties which it presented, and investigating all the geographical factors which were destined to shape or influence exploration. That is, he tells us just what were the climatic conditions to be faced by all the men who ventured into the unknown West—by Ledyard, Lewis and Clark, Pike, Bonneville, Frémont, and less famous men. He describes the natural vegetation of the regions they were destined to penetrate; the animal life; the topography of the ground; the Indian life; and everything else that presented obstacles or offered advantages. In a series of chapters he thus shows what were the real difficulties and challenges of Western exploration.

In the second half of his book he takes up seriatim the principal exploring expeditions of the half century; not to give a detailed record of them, but rather to depict the geography of the West as it appeared to each party as it advanced into the unknown. In other words, the first half of the book presents the Far West as it really was in 1800; the second half presents it as it was gradually unveiled by the gallant men who pushed back the frontiers of knowledge. Written with sparkle and zest, the book for the first time exhibits with completeness the importance of geographical and physiographical elements in the story of Western discovery.

Photo by James L. Allen

ST. LOUIS BLUES, BY DAVID PATTERSON BOYD, NEGRO ARTIST AND ELEVATOR BOY.

Mr. Priestley's England

(*Continued from first page*)

knew that things were bad up North. He hurried away from Bristol, that still prosperous city; in the lovely, rural Cotswolds he was impatient to be gone; in Coventry and Birmingham, where conditions might be worse, he betrayed the first signs of eagerness. For just beyond lay the Black Country, and in the Black Country his quest was rewarded. From then onwards he advanced, not further into England, but further into misery.

This is an extremely valuable book which, if Europe commits the final lunacy of war, will hearten the young revolutionaries who will govern England after that war. A revolutionary England might have its difficulties, but it couldn't be worse than this England of the autumn of 1933. And here, for the first time in my recollection, a writer with no strong political theories and no knowledge of economics has set down the facts as they appeared to his eyesight and his memory.

The England that Mr. Priestley traveled through divided itself into three. There was the rural, or tourist, England—the England which, if you know it, remains faithful to the vision of Anthony Trollope, and which, if you don't know it, appears to be all towers and battlements bosomed high in tufted trees. Then there was the new, or Woolworth, England of arterial highways, filling stations, and cheap, standardized goods and lives. And there was the slowly dying England of the nineteenth century, the real industrial England, the black, greedy, grinding England which produced the Empire, Dickens, and dividends. It is this moribund England which sprawls across and overshadows Mr. Priestley's book.

I recommend especially his chapters on Lancashire and the Tyneside, because he is describing what has happened to the seat of England's cotton and shipping industries, and because the people whom he saw in these fearful places were so obviously doomed. Lancashire, which should be the heart of England's body economic, is dead. It is filled with people who have no work and never will have any. It is filled with towns which were run up for the purpose of being worked in, and which were never meant to be lived in by people who have no work. It is the other side of that Budget surplus we heard so much about. It is an abominable place.

I do not think one can recommend "English Journey" too highly. Its literary virtues are slight, its factual virtues enormous. Like Walter Greenwood's "Love On The Dole," it draws a true picture of what is reputed to be the most prosperous country in Europe. Like "Love On The Dole," it is not so much well written as uniquely written. And if the country it describes is really going to pour its wealth away into armaments, then the sooner this world blows itself to pieces the better. It simply doesn't make sense any more.

* *

George Dangerfield, an Englishman himself like Mr. Priestley, is literary editor of Vanity Fair.

Budapest is about to open a Biblical Museum. According to the *London Observer* its aim is to popularize the Holy Land and familiarize the public with the former aspects of Biblical territory. Interesting features are the models showing the transformations made in the temple of Jerusalem. The tent made of boards, in which the Ark was kept, is shown with Solomon's temple and the temple of Ezekiel. Among the rare Bibles exhibited is a Bible in the Lithuanian language, which was rescued from the flames eighty years ago.

Where the Blues Began

BEALE STREET. By George W. Lee. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 1934. $2.50.

SHADOW OF THE PLANTATION. By Charles S. Johnson. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

BEHIND Beale Street with its "blues" and the smell of barbecued pig, as behind the steel mills and Harlem, lies the plantation Negro who, if he is sometimes lost in the "vast apathy" of a decaying system, is also often impelled to seek those places like Beale Street where it is always Saturday night. The street and the plantation are separate and distinct, peopled even by distinct black folk, but to understand the vivid "Beale Street," which George W. Lee has written, it is necessary to know also that "Shadow of the Plantation" in which Dr. Charles S. Johnson has put so much of understanding as well as scholarship.

These two Negroes, the Beale Street chronicler and the sociologist from Fiske University, have at the same time and in their two books written the two essential halves of the story of the American Negro. Mr. Lee's story is probably better known. Prominent in it is W. C. Handy, whose "blues" first made famous in the world the street already seductive to all of the black middle South. And there are others, less pleasant but more dramatic figures who gave the color to the street of which Handy's music sang. Already familiar on the printed page but no less real on Beale Street are the dope peddlers and crap shooters, the killers and blind pig men, and those "sweet men" and "easy riders" who wait in the night "for their sleepy-eyed, pale women to bring them the money they had got from young white bucks and Mississippi planters who paid dearly for an hour spent at the Creole Palace or some other bawdy house."

Strangely enough, however, it is the sociologist who has written the more moving and convincing picture of a people. There is very little that is romantic in his material. The six hundred families of his rural Alabama community are a people lost in the shadow of ignorance and poverty which the plantation casts as it passes. Dr. Johnson has put them into tables and graphs and other dusty sociological paraphernalia, but every page of his text is enlivened and made convincing by the long quotations from the mouths of his Macon County, Alabama, folk. These statements are like voices from the soil speaking in a stained innocence the facts of their own sociology. Only a Negro whose skin entitled him to admission behind the curtain of the Negro's defensive inarticulateness and only a trained and most patient man could have gathered the facts which make a folk that Dr. Johnson has put into his book. Fortunately he has not only been able to gather them but also to write them with wisdom and clarity.

Photo by Allen

OLD FOLKS AT HOME, BY OTIS GALBREATH, A NEGRO CHAUFFEUR, WHO PAINTS IN HIS SPARE TIME.

Mr. Lee says:

> The distinction between the folk of the villages and the open country and the proletarians or populus of the city is expressed and symbolized in the difference between the folk song and the popular ballad, the spirituals and the blues.

These two books might have been written to demonstrate the truth of that statement. Perhaps a difference lies also in the authors as in the peoples of whom they write, for certainly there is a solidity both in Dr. Johnson's book and his folk which both Mr. Lee's book and his city black men and women lack. "Beale Street" rambles from whore house to insurance company, from murder and race riot to the higher phases of black and lily-white Republican politics. Dr. Johnson has sought his folk like a scientist, but he has written them with an artist's spirit.

A Picturesque Figure

RICO: BANDIT AND DICTATOR. By Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $2.

AFTER the famous battle of Santa Ysabel, Rico, the dictator, finding it necessary to legalize his position, sent for Don Ignacio, one of the conservatives of Spanish blood in his more or less fabulous Spanish-American country, and addressed him thus:

> "I am about to be elected President, and so particular is the Great Republic of the North, that they think an election, to be legal, must have two candidates. *Ojala*, let us have two. Oblige me by running against me." He straightened himself proudly, but his eyes were startled. He was not afraid, but astonished.
>
> "No," I reassured him. "It is true that before me it has been the custom to kill one's rival, should there be one, after the election, certainly, and if convenient, before the voting. But now all is altered. I wish to make a gesture which shall appeal to all civilization. Therefore, you shall have enough votes to maintain self-respect and I, having been elected by a great majority, will implore you to unite our country by becoming head of my cabinet as Secretary of State."
>
> "And in the canvass I may say what I feel to be the truth?"
>
> "In moderation," I assured him blandly. "As gentleman toward gentleman, fighting each in his way for the good of our common country, but not, if you will kindly oblige me, rekindling those still red-hot embers of civil strife, over which I have created peace."
>
> He sighed deeply, but so it was arranged, nor could I have found a better man.

The above is a typical example of the curious mixture of sardonic humor and shrewd understanding of the intricacies of tropical American politics which characterizes this unusual and amusing book. According to the publishers, the author is Antonio de Fierro Blanco, a Spanish-American, nearly eighty years of age, now living, so one would gather from what he himself says in the narrative, in San Francisco. But although the subject of the biography, Rico, is plainly a fictional character, a sort of composite of the more striking qualities of half a dozen famous Spanish-American dictators, and although certain of the personages and incidents are as fantastic as something from, for example, Rider Haggard's "She," the author himself nevertheless enters the narrative and claims acquaintance with some of those who actually knew Rico, under his own name of "Fierro Blanco"! Structurally, therefore, the "biography" is exceedingly queer. My own guess, from internal evidence, would be that it was the work of some American, presumably a Texan, writing an understanding satire of Spanish-American dictatorship somewhat after the fashion in which Lowes Dickinson wrote his "Letters of a Chinese Official."

The narrative is made up of supposed episodes from Rico's life and of various passages, duly numbered and labelled, giving Rico's dicta on all sorts of subjects, including women, art, religion, vegetarianism, finance, foreigners, justice, and democracy. If it was really written by an octogenarian Spanish-American, then Fierro Blanco has an extraordinary grasp of the North American point of view. If it were published anonymously and without comment, I would assume that it was a satire by some witty writer from our side of the Rio Grande.

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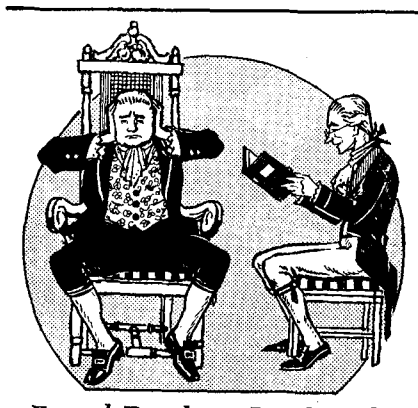

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But He Couldn't Read French

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ALEXANDER
the Corrector
The Eccentric Life of Alexander Cruden

The Jewish Past and the Modern Jew

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN JEW. By Milton Steinberg. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS I. NEWMAN

RABBI MILTON STEINBERG of the Park Avenue Synagogue, New York City, has admirably explained the making of the modern Jew in a book which is an expansion of two articles published in the *Atlantic Monthly* last summer: "How the Jew Did It: The Mystery of His Survival," and "How the Jew Does It: Why He Is What He Is." His volume is intended primarily for non-Jewish readers, and for those Jews who are little informed regarding Jewish traditions and problems. After posing the riddle of Jewish survival, Rabbi Steinberg traces the itinerary of Israel among the nations since the destruction of the Jewish State in the year 70; he describes in vivid and inspiring fashion the nature of his heritage, the way of his law, and the inner light which illumined his difficult path. In the period of transition from the old world of the "Judengasse" to the new world offered him by civil and social emancipation, Rabbi Steinberg portrays the dilemma which the modern Jew faces: the dissolution of balance between his own collective life and the demands of his non-Jewish environment, the imminence of self-destruction, and the necessity of choosing the new sanctions whereby the people and the faith may endure.

It is regrettable, by reason of authoritative and vigorous presentation of his material, that Rabbi Steinberg should have ended his interpretive study of modern Jewish history with a question-mark. He adopts the role of an impartial student, seeking to trace the consequences of events in the group life and individuality of the contemporary Jew, and he has divested himself of the garb of the Rabbi, who is and must be essentially an advocate. But he has given his study an emphasis which many of his ardent Jewish readers will consider false, and he has turned out of shape historical facts and interpretations which, if otherwise presented, would lead to a different conclusion.

In the "Epilogue" Rabbi Steinberg narrates a fable from the works of Mordecai Zeev Feierburg which dramatizes his query: can the Jew survive in the modern world? "The inscrutable future gives no clear answer. The Jew must gamble," writes the author, "on one choice or the other—on the possibility that he can rebuild his shattered group life, or on the chance that, if he destroys its last traces altogether, he will, for all the world's reluctance, win the surcease of assimilation." But the young Feierburg died in 1899, two years after the first Zionist Congress in Basel, and the question raised by Rabbi Steinberg belongs rather to the end of the nineteenth century than to the year 1933. Moreover, Rabbi Steinberg, in a brilliant chapter entitled: "Dusk Children," remarks concerning Chaim Nachman Bialik, the "faithful spokesman" of the generation to which he gave the descriptive name:

> He rose from doubt to affirmation; he transcended vacillation into a positive philosophy of Jewish life. To follow him into his new phase would be a fascinating adventure. Unfortunately, such an excursion is irrelevant to the task before us—the description of the pain attendant on the dissolution of the old Judaism.

But why should an interpretation of the new Bialik be omitted in a work by a writer who can speak so enthusiastically of the new Palestine? Cannot Rabbi Steinberg also substitute the mood of affirmation for uncertainty, and his own fine convictions of the pulpit for the questionings of the printed book?

This fundamental flaw almost vitiates the value of Rabbi Steinberg's excellent and timely study of the forces operating in present-day Jewry, at least in the eyes of those Jews who are resolutely determined that the acids of modernity shall not dissolve their fellowship and their ideals of life. Even the question: can the Jew survive in the Diaspora, if in Palestine, his commonwealth and culture are reborn? is answered by Rabbi Steinberg himself when he says: "The renaissance of Hebraism in that one land (Palestine) has led to a corresponding renaissance in all lands." His conclusions are particularly to be deplored by reason of the noble chapter on "Programs," wherein Rabbi Steinberg has given an exposition of Judaism as a civilization, the unique culture of the Jewish people, with an organic complex of a literature, language, religious outlook, folk-ways, group-hopes, aspirations, ethical values, and esthetic judgments: "in this living whole, religion is at once the driving motif and the most ideal expression, but it is by no means the whole or the largest part." This viewpoint, of course, is an outgrowth of the essays which Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan wrote in the *Menorah Journal* several years ago. Rabbi Steinberg makes acknowledgment to the great Master of whom he is a deeply appreciative disciple, and we share with him the hope that Professor Kaplan's *magnum opus* will soon be published. Rabbi Steinberg's epigrammatic style, with passages which possess almost the quality of lyric poetry, afford to Professor Kaplan's sociological-philosophical approach to the Jewish question a general and popular appeal of immense value. It is doubtless this desire for a medium, not too heavily academic in character, which has prompted him to include only a few bibliographical references.

Though Rabbi Steinberg himself is one of the most capable organizers and executives in the American Jewish pulpit, it does not appear that he has given sufficient consideration to the role of the synagogue, both as an institution, and as a powerhouse for Jewish energies and influence in the Diaspora. Instead, he declares:

> The Jew is rapidly arriving at a point where he will be completely dejudaized without being assimilated, where, without becoming anything else, he will cease to be a Jew. He threatens to be an undigested element within every land, alienated in spirit from his past, and denied full entrance into the present. He continues to suffer as a Jew, to be slighted, ostracized, handicapped, and suppressed, though his Jewishness may have lost all meaning for him. This is the abyss towards which the Jew moves today, the catastrophe of a Jewishness which cannot be escaped and which is nevertheless empty of all satisfaction.

If Rabbi Steinberg had qualified this generalization by writing not of "the Jew," but of "some Jews," it would be acceptable, except for certain defeatist and impolitic sentiments it contains. Those Jews who are without Judaism are numerous, but, even if modern Jewry were reduced to a mere "remnant," Judaism, as it is voiced by the great standard-bearers of our day—Israel Zangwill, Ludwig Lewisohn, Edmond Fleg, Stephen Wise, Mordecai Kaplan, and others, would still be a potent factor in the life of Jewry and the world. The rumor of Israel's demise is once more grossly exaggerated, and I would recommend to Rabbi Steinberg, whose book in many respects deserves the highest praise, the line on the Moabite Stone, to which Rabbi Sidney S. Tedesche recently called attention: Mesha, King of Moab, 2900 years ago, inscribed on the monument: "And I destroyed Israel with an everlasting destruction." I would remind Rabbi Steinberg that the emancipation of the modern Jew may have resulted in the assimilation and desertion of multitudes, but the Jewish population today is several times larger than in 1791. Moreover, the Zionist Congress and other great philanthropic and collective instruments of Jewish self-help, are all the product of the release of national and individual energies which freedom, despite anti-Semitism, the dissolution of balance, attempts at group-suicide, and the rest, has made possible. If Rabbi Steinberg had omitted the Epilogue, or had included its material at various points in preceding chapters, and, if he had ended with the comparison of Israel in Palestine to the giant Antæus, who, every time he struck foot on Mother Earth, was filled with tenfold strength, this review would have been radically different in mood.

* *

Mr. Newman is a member of the faculty of the Jewish Institute of Religion of New York, as well as rabbi of Congregation Rodeph Sholom.

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The New Books

Art

THE BAROQUE PAINTERS OF ITALY. By Arthur McComb. Harvard University Press. 1934. $5.

The baroque, which for nearly a generation has profoundly interested German, Italian, and English scholars, makes a tardy entrance into American scholarship in this excellent illustrated monograph of Professor McComb's. It exemplifies the academic virtues of cautiousness and thoroughness, and as well extra-academic virtues of the author—brevity, clearness, and a happy touch in miniature criticism. Its necessary ballast of footnotes and bibliography is carried lightly, and it is, barring a venial lapse or two, written in a sound and eminently readable English. Its objective is presumably the upper-class elective, but it will be equally welcomed by the intelligent, unenrolled reader. Here and there the latitude and longitude of its composition assert themselves in a singular detachment. The author apparently does not know that upwards of two years ago the Metropolitan Museum acquired a fine example of one of his favorite painters, Domenico Feti. Most inadequate is the list of baroque paintings in America. In the interest of students we offer a few additions. The old Wilstach Collection in Philadelphia is a treasure house of this art. The collections of the New York Historical Society comprise a considerable group by A. Carracci, not to mention Domenichino, Piazzetta, and others. The most important landscape in America by Salvator is in the odd Moorish country house built by F. E. Church at Rhinebeck-on-Hudson. Princeton has two Salvators, Caravaggio, A. Carracci, Domenichino, Sebastiano Ricci, Piazzetta, and Tiepolo. A little inquiry and consultation of museum catalogues would greatly increase these *addenda*.

The book is uncommonly well made.

F. J. M.

Biography

THE LETTERS OF ROMAIN ROLLAND AND MALWIDA VON MYSENBUG. Translated from the French by Thomas J. Wilson. Holt. 1933. $2.50.

These letters were exchanged during the years 1890 and 1891 by a young man of twenty-four and a woman of seventy-four: by a woman old in worldly experience, who had been the friend of Wagner and Nietzsche, and a young man, just then discovering the world, who was to become the author of "Jean Christophe" and the most Olympian of war-time pacifists. We have here the earliest phase of a correspondence which endured unbrokenly for thirteen years, until it was terminated by Malwida von Mysenbug's death in 1903. It is a strange correspondence, and, in view of the ages of those concerned, it is a curiously emotional relationship which stands revealed. The value which the individual reader will place on the letters will vary in direct proportion to the value which he places on Rolland as an author, for their chief claim upon our interest is that they show Rolland in the bud.

B. R. R.

Fiction

TREELESS EDEN. By Francine Findley. King. 1934. $2.50.

> "When people come to a new land like this, they always call it Eden, then start gobblin' up everything in sight. They fergit all about the Tree in the midst of the Garden an' go on actin' like they ain't no such of a tree. The tree of knowledge of good and evil. But pretty soon the mouths begin puckerin'. Fer the fruit of the tree thereof is mighty bitter fruit, Seline."

So Cap'n Jacox reminds his wife on the Sacramento ranch as she sets about her life campaign of possession.

Selina's philosophy is the winning one, as the author traces California history from ranching, gambling, claim-jumping, the fever of greed and optimism of the '60s, through seventy-five years of anarchy down to the Roosevelt régime. The dishonors are divided between the rapacious pioneer spirit, the capitalist system in general, and one Jim Jacox, self-made man, whose life-time spans the novel.

This is a sure enough, good enough, American novel, but there is a persistent imperfection about it. The author, whose philosophy is vague, mothers her characters. They are switched from the side of the devil to the side of the angels because they are hurt, sick, or lonely. The reader, emotionally spent, loses the author's original idea. Jim Jacox, on his death-bed, ceases to be the villain he has been all his life, and Selina has long since become lovable. Between the lines of the last page Miss Findley murmurs "De Mortuis . . ."—which is all very well in its place, but "Treeless Eden," as the title indicates, started out to be a story with a jutting moral.

The structure of the novel has its own imperfection, a curiously national one, typical of Lewis, Dreiser and the poetry of Whitman, an imperfection which can be partly attributed to the massive onrushing nation these men write about. In an effort to time her book to the rapid pace of history, and to stuff the meaning of that history into a few type characters, Miss Findley fails in the first job of any artist, harnessing one's material, however fierce, and riding it as master, however swift. She whips up her story to a certain momentum, and half way through the horse shies and gallops along byways to a place one is certain the author never saw on the map when she started.

E. C.

International

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN FRANCE. By Helen Hill. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 1934. $.50.

This little pamphlet, for it is no more, is nevertheless extraordinarily interesting and valuable reading. It is written by a woman who has had evident opportunity to study France at first hand both as a country and as a nation dealing with other powers at Geneva. In very simple fashion she indicates, first, false ideas in France about America and vice versa. Then the curious social and economic structure of the French race which makes it so difficult for us to understand their reactions to political or financial complications; and afterward with still more penetration she points out the division in France between what might be called the followers of Descartes and the followers of Pascal. On this basis she proceeds to describe the French parties, the difference between democratic France interested in its home problems and imperial France concerned chiefly with a tightly held empire; and concludes with an illuminating discussion of the alternatives confronting France in Europe which seems to be departing further and further from the ideals of French life. It would be difficult to find anywhere else in English so concise and at the same time so deep-going an analysis of contemporary France.

Miscellaneous

TATTOO. By Albert Parry. Simon & Schuster. 1933. $3.

Tattooing is an old and widespread human practice, indulgence in which can be explained by any one or several of the large selection of motives, ranging from a desire to signify one's loyalty to the dead to using pigmented prickings as an insecticide. To treat it as a curiosity is the easy privilege of one surfeited with the blinds and blandishments of modern civilization. Yet how much of this vaunted civilization is rooted in the artificial pigmentations of the human skin neither the tattooers nor the vast majority of the tattooed know or care to know. A very extensive literature exists on the subject. Mr. Parry's book is probably not intended to be taken as an important contribution to this literature. Rather it appears to be the effort of a feuilletonist who has chanced upon what to him seems a curious and striking custom.

The author touches upon very few of the elements in tattooing that have little to do with sex. In this he has taken the cue from Westermarck who stresses the connection of body-marking with sexual impulse. To be up to date, however, Mr. Parry has incorporated some of the Freudian complexes which are still fashionable among the specializing non-specialists.

He rejects the reason given for tattooing by many of the needle artists and their patrons, namely to secure a life-long and unfailing means of identification. He knows that the true motives are "deeper" and "darker." True, he wishes the reader to believe the statement of the tattooers that when newspapers carry scare headlines about the kidnapping of a baby, parents come in droves to have their children skin-marked. But even here, Mr. Parry assures us, the real aim is to provide an

(*Continued on next page*)

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Double-Crostics: Number 20

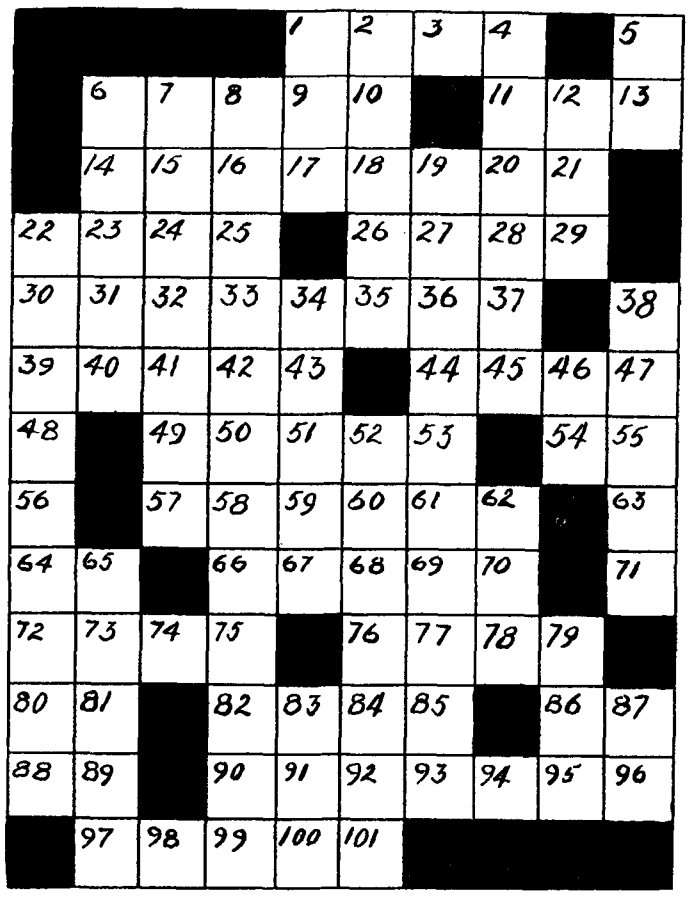
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess nineteen words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 49-18-30-57-72. Enthusiasm, vigorous enjoyment.	_ _ _ _ _
II. 36-46-68-85-51-65. To open out, develop.	_ _ _ _ _ _
III. 23-10-64-45-3-95-83. A play by Shakespeare.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 78-60-90-87-9. Frilled or plaited dress trimming.	_ _ _ _ _
V. 61-19-69-92-32-38-62. A Philistine warrior.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 8-74-14-47-101. Sprites of folklore.	_ _ _ _ _
VII. 67-1-35-29-96. Sweet substance; term of endearment.	_ _ _ _ _
VIII. 31-89-37-59-66. To furnish, as with gifts.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 73-55-79-88. Character of early Germanic alphabet.	_ _ _ _
X. 41-81-5-17-33-7-11-27-2. Underofficer of a ship.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 70-21-82-58-100-71. To avoid as harmful.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 43-15-94-86. Cleft or crevice.	_ _ _ _
XIII. 80-93-53-22. Heroine of a Hardy novel.	_ _ _ _
XIV. 99-34-75-28-84. High spirits in Russia.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 98-44-25-42-56. Small arm of the sea.	_ _ _ _ _
XVI. 16-24-6-91. To press forward speedily.	_ _ _ _
XVII. 76-39-13-54-50-63. Something small but choice.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 20-12-48-77-97-4. Refractory, unmanageable.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 52-26-40. Large tree of genus Ulmus.	_ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 19)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

outlet to the parents' subconscious urge for incest.

Mr. Parry's testimony, gleaned from old newspapers, about the practice of tattooing among royalty and high society, contains little that is sensational or even new. The popularity of body-marking as a fashionable sport among the jeunesse dorée of Europe and America, particularly during the fin-de-siècle period, is well known. The purely proletarian viewpoint, Mr. Parry says, is found only among the criminals, though even here the American shows a stubborn refusal to adopt the frankly revolutionary attitude of his European colleague.

In fine, Mr. Parry's volume represents a curious mixture of undigested Freud, unverified allegations by tattooers and their romantic friends, and unassimilated facts pertaining to tattooing that may be found in literally dozens of works written by explorers and specialists in the field. The art that furnishes its theme, considered historically, socially, culturally, and esthetically, has been almost wholly omitted by the author.

L. R.

Travel

FLORIDA OLD AND NEW. By Frederick W. Dau. Putnams. 1934. $5.

This is practically an encyclopedia of facts about Florida, confusedly arranged but expert, abreast of the times, and almost unfailingly interesting. The chapters on the early history of Florida under Spain and England are the least valuable, for they traverse ground that has been more fully and painstakingly covered by others. But beginning with the American period in 1821 the author embodies in the book a great deal of curious and illuminating information that is all his own. He attempts to cover almost everything, and it is clear that he has investigated all sides of his subject with the enthusiasm of an antiquarian. Besides politics, wars, and industrial development, he deals with the history of the older newspapers, of early boom towns, of hurricanes, of penitentiaries, of swamp drainage, of shrimping and sponging, of ice-making, of duelling, of cattle-ranching, of banks, of notable freezes—in fact, with almost everything from cabbages to kings. Obviously, in a volume of fewer than four hundred pages he cannot treat any one subject with great thoroughness, and at times must be very sketchy indeed. He is hampered also by a style that is more curious than correct. But he has given careful and affectionate study to every side of Florida history, has been at pains to set down nothing without consulting the best authorities, and has produced a book which, if amateurish in its literary quality, is nevertheless full of authentic fact and sensible observation. It can be commended to tourists, and students of Florida history will find not a little in it to consult. On some contemporaneous questions in Florida Mr. Dau has strong views of his own. For example, he condemns the drainage of the Everglades as worse than useless, a source of political scandal, and the ruin of a region of great natural beauty. The illustrations have freshness, and several reproductions of old maps add to the value of the work.

A. N.

Latest Books Received

INTERNATIONAL

The Case of Civilization Against Hitlerism. Ballou. 50 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Beginning of Mind. Ed. C. J. Clarke. New Hampton, N. Y. *English Furniture.* J. Gloag. Macmillan. $2.50. *Freedom in the Modern World.* J. MacMurray. Appleton. $2.

PAMPHLETS

Emerson and Evolution. J. W. Beach. Univ. of Toronto Quarterly. *The Poetic Genius of D. H. Lawrence.* H. Davis. Univ. of Toronto Quarterly. *Poetry: The Problem of Appreciation.* E. G. Moll. Univ. of Oregon. *Tropical Fish.* L. Q. Mann. Leisure League. 25 cents. *Government of Quinary Civic Council.* W. F. Burrows. Sarasota, Fla.: Burrows. *Concerning the Jews.* Mark Twain. Harpers. 25 cents.

RELIGION

Can Prayer Be Answered? M. Austin. Farrar. $1. *The Distinction of the Indistinguished.* M. S. Rice. Abingdon. $1.50.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
SILVER HAT *Dane Coolidge* (Dutton: $2.)	Western	Young white orphan raised by the Navajos, is contented battling Hopis until the femme tourist from England stirs that wild heart.	Unusual
MEDITERRANEAN BLUES *Yvonne Cloud* (Vanguard: $2.)	Special	Timothy, sedulously preaching views at which eyebrows arched thirty years ago, is taken breathlessly over the hurdles by pals of his new, young, and dumb mistress.	Martini
NEVER WITHOUT YOU *Achmed Abdullah* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Romance	Handsome American music teacher interests the noble niece more than her aunt, ruler of backwoods Teutonic duchy, intended. Comes the war—. Author never slops over.	First rate
IT HAPPENED IN PRK *H. S. Hoff* (Coward, McCann: $2.)	Farce	Conflict, business and personal, between young U. S. racquet salesman and British representative of cricket equipment firm. Issue—direction of Jugo-Slavia's sport future and affections of the gal.	Oke
CODE OF THE WEST *Zane Grey* (Harper: $2.)	Western	Hotcha Eastern sister of local schoolmarm applies torch to highly inflammable social structure in author's copyrighted Tonto Basin battlefield.	Zane Grey

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The Clearing House

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A CLUB'S WINTER READING

Would it be too much to ask, writes Mrs. G. W. of Mound City, Mo., *for a list of twenty-four books of types suitable to be reviewed in club work this coming winter?*

I GATHER from the rest of Mrs. G. W.'s letter that the membership of her club is of assorted ages and tastes, and consequently I've selected books the interest of which should be fairly general. Presumably a group of women, no matter what their divergences in years and outlook, will all be interested in how other women have met the problems which confront them. Consequently, they should find appeal in such personal chronicles as Evelyn Harris's THE BARTER LADY (Doubleday, Doran), the autobiographical record of a woman farmer, who, left without her husband and with children to educate, wrested her living from the soil and Hilda Faunce's DESERT WIFE (Little, Brown), with its colorful incidents and its portrayal of life on a Navajo Reservation. Tatiana Tchernavina's ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS (Dutton), the book which set all the daily columnists to hurrahing when it appeared, is admirably adapted for the use of the club, and Barbara Peart's TIA BARBARITA (Houghton Mifflin) is another book to make women sit up and take notice. A doughty lady was Barbara and her adventures in the Argentine, Mexico, and elsewhere make good reading. The club ought also to be interested in Lauren Gilfillan's I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE (Viking), a lively first-hand portrayal of conditions in a Pennsylvania mining community. And, to swing to reminiscences of totally different sort, in Edith Wharton's A BACKWARD GLANCE (Appleton-Century). By the time the club begins its reading the chronicle of Ike Hoover, White House usher through several administrations, will be available. The book, which is to be published by Houghton Mifflin, has a deal of interesting anecdote in it, and sidelights on the first ladies of the land as well as on their husbands that cannot fail to win attention. How Mrs. Cleveland's charms endure through the years! For Mr. Hoover at least she was the incomparable among president's wives. There's another autobiographical narrative shortly to appear which should make excellent club reading, Margaret Chanler's ROMAN SPRING (Houghton Mifflin), full of fascinating recollections of notabilities of forty and fifty years ago. But that's enough of biography for the club. For fiction it might try A. P. Herbert's HOLY DEADLOCK (Doubleday, Doran), with its satire of the British divorce laws, Josephine Lawrence's YEARS ARE SO LONG (Stokes), a story built about the problem of dependent old age, Mikhail Sholokov's AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON (Knopf), André Malraux's MAN'S FATE (Smith & Haas), Lion Feuchtwanger's THE OPPERMANN'S (Viking), Thomas Mann's JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS (Knopf), though this last is stiff reading, and Marguerite Steen's MATADOR (Little, Brown), a brilliant picture of Spain. A miscellaneous group of works that ought to prove interesting reading and arouse interested discussion is Ernst Henri's HITLER OVER EUROPE (Simon & Schuster), Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers), Carl Carmer's STARS FELL ON ALABAMA (Farrar & Rinehart), MERCHANTS OF DEATH (Dodd, Mead), by Frank C. Hanighen and Helmuth C. Engelbrecht, Aldous Huxley's BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY (Doubleday, Doran), Romola Nijinsky's NIJINSKY (Simon & Schuster), a book which contains a life story remarkable enough to hold the attention of those to whom dancing itself is only a minor interest, Sven Hedin's A CONQUEST OF TIBET (Dutton), and Matthew Josephson's THE ROBBER BARONS (Harcourt, Brace). As a fillip to this more weighty reading there is some poetry which Mrs. G. W.'s club might enjoy—Paul Engle's AMERICAN SONG (Doubleday, Doran), Christopher La Farge's HOXSIE SELLS HIS ACRES (Coward-McCann), and Alexander Laing's WINE AND PHYSIC (Farrar & Rinehart). A volume of biography which we forgot to mention before which should hold the attention of the club is Ernst Toller's I WAS A GERMAN (Morrow).

AFRICAN LITERATURE

Apropos of the list of books on Africa which I printed in the Clearing House of July 28th, *Julian Feiss of Cleveland, O.*, an engineer and geologist who spent some years in that country, and whose fascinating experiences I can vouch for, having once been privileged to read the Journal he kept there, writes me as follows. I quote at some length from his letter as it seems to me exceedingly interesting as well as useful.

"I have just been looking through your column 'The Clearing House' in the July 28th number of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. As you discuss African books, it occurred to me that in view of my own hobby (largely African books) you might be interested in a few comments and ideas that I have on the subject.

"In the first place, the best modern books that are published on Africa seldom reach or are reviewed in this country. To keep up on African literature it becomes necessary to follow the English reviews and preferably the *London Times Literary Supplement*. Naturally the English are more interested in African books than we are as their empire embraces a large part of that much-misinterpreted continent. Most books by American writers are either "sob-stuff," sensational hunting literature, or books by "explorers." (The last African explorer was Sir Harry Johnston who died in 1927.) This last class of literature is useless. The others are amusing and sometimes make good reading,—however none of the books published on the west side of the Atlantic are really important contributions. Of course I do not include scientific books and bulletins by museums and scientific societies. Most American material in these fields is both important and worthy of publication. However, it is a specialized field.

"The finest book on Africa by an American that has been written in recent years is LIVING AFRICA, by Bailey Willis, the former director of the United States Geological Survey and at the moment professor of geology at Stanford University. Although Dr. Willis writes as a geologist, the book is delightful and contains much wisdom and observation that is a perpetual delight to layman and scientist alike. Dr. Willis made his journey through equatorial Africa at an age when most men are preparing for the grave (I think he was in his seventies at the time), yet he sees the land through the eyes of youth. The book is a rare treat. It was published in 1930 by Whittlesey House (McGraw-Hill).

"One of the very best books from the historical and ethnological point of view in recent years is THE PASSING OF THE BLACK KINGS, by the Hon. Hugh Marshall Hole, C.M.G. It was published in 1932 by Philip Allan, London. This book seems to have been overlooked by American reviewers and is a historical study of the Negro kings south of the Zambesi. As the book includes such men as M'Silikatse, Lobengula, Kama, and Lewanika, it makes interesting as well as exciting reading. It is written by a man who really knows his Africa and who lived for years in the country and in contact with the people about whom he writes. He was a British civil servant and a first-class one. I recently picked up a new copy of this book for 6/- at an English sale.

"For your edification: the best books written on Africa were for the most part written before the World War and the majority before 1900. Some of these are just coming into their own. You may understand what I mean when I tell you that the British Intelligence Service used as a reference during the East African Campaign of the World War THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA, by Capt. Sir Richard F. Burton, published in 1860. I have been over much of the ground that Burton wrote about and can state that, beyond a doubt, Sir Richard's book is still the best available on the peoples and geographical features of East Africa and especially the regions between Tanganyika and the Indian Ocean.

"There are few writers who have caught the lyric quality that shines from the books of Herbert Ward, the great sculptor whose collection is on view at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. His book of sketches, A VOICE FROM THE CONGO, is not only an outstanding artistic work but its literary quality is of high order. As Ward was with Stanley's fated Rear Column, the book has additional interest. This book is still the best ever written about the people of the Congo basin; it was published in 1910 by William Heineman."

PERSONALS

STEWART STERLING—Give address. Unable to meet at Roosevelt, July 31.

PAUL GOODMAN: Where find your writings now that *Symposium's* gone? Anthony Henrici, Coraopolis, Pa.

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By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S new long poem, "Amaranth," will appear next month. It is to be published by Mr. Robinson's regular publishers, The Macmillan Company. It is a study of the vanity of human nature as shown in those who elect to live in a wrong world: in other words, to try to be something for which they were not intended. It is, as might be expected, an extraordinarily sage commentary. . . . In October the same firm will bring out the fifth and final volume of *John G. Neihardt's* epic cycle of the West. This is actually the fourth book to be completed but will stand last in the cycle. Former volumes have been "The Song of Three Friends," "The Song of Hugh Glass," and "The Song of the Indian Wars." The new work is called "The Song of the Messiah," and deals with the tragic experience of the Sioux Indians during the thirteen years following the death of Crazy Horse. During those years there arose to the conquered and starving prairie tribes the vision and hope of the coming of a Messiah who should restore the Indians' rights and abolish the white race. This great hope led to the slaughter at Wounded Knee in the winter of 1890. . . . I have many times commented on Mr. Neihardt's narrative power and the importance of the work he has been doing in American poetry, in chronicling the opening of the West and the passing of the Indian. . . . Schulte's Bookstore, at 80 Fourth Avenue in New York, has been advertising thirty letters by the late *George Sterling*, letters written from California to *Walter Adolphe Roberts* when he was editor of *Ainslee's Magazine*. The lot, together with one autograph poem and two inscribed books, are for sale together for $375. From excerpts quoted in the catalogue from these letters it appears that Sterling once wrote a series of sonnets to *Ruth Chatterton*. . . . The title of *Bob Benchley's* latest opus announced by Harper's for Fall publication is, characteristically, "From Bed to Worse, or Comforting thoughts about the Bison!" . . . *Sidney Franklin's* translation of the *Lugin* novel has now had its publication date changed, and Scribner's will not bring it out until September. . . . It was just about a year ago that *Margaret Widdemer* received from *The Spinners, a Bi-Monthly of Women's Verse* a remarkable letter desiring her to be an associate editor. That mere fact was hardly remarkable, but it eventuated that each associate editor of the magazine was required to donate $39 yearly to support the magazine. This had to be paid—nine dollars "at once" and six monthly payments of five dollars each. Miss Widdemer guessed that the thirty-nine dollars might be reduced from forty and that she was therefore offered an associate-editorship at bargain rates! How these little-poetry-magazine wonders do grow! . . . Then there's the book-collecting racket. The Casanova Press announces for immediate publication part two of "This Book Collecting Racket," a few notes on the abuses of book collecting by *Harry W. Schwartz*. The firm's address is 2611 North Downer Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We know nothing else about them. . . . The Irish poet, *Padraic Colum*, is at present engaged upon an Irish epic. . . . Among other things—he being a constantly busy writer and lecturer . . . *Compton Mackenzie*, I hear, has gone on a three-months trip to South America. . . . The "Letters of *Gamaliel Bradford*" are forthcoming through Houghton Mifflin. They include letters to *H. L. Mencken, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Leonard Bacon, Carl Sandburg, Bliss Perry*, and others. . . . Last winter I heard of a recently erected memorial to *Katharine Mansfield*, by her father, *Sir Harold Beauchamp*, in Wellington, New Zealand, their home. It occupies the centre of quaint Fitzherbert Street where her father now lives, and she formerly. . . . With the August issue *Ronald Kirkbride* joined the staff of the magazine *Story*. He is the author of "Dark Surrender," a novel of negro life on a present-day plantation, and three other books. He was born in British Columbia, was educated in California, and has lived in Boston, Philadelphia, South Carolina, and abroad. . . . I think at this point I might as well tell anybody interested that I have now completed my seventeenth century play, which sometimes I don't think is actually so terrible! But otherwise this noble work remains as dark a mystery as ever before! . . . Now, if you will excuse me, I must pay a few July bills. This New Hampshire weather is so invigorating one even finds oneself paying a few bills in it!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Split second exposure: The Bowery ends—you swing North from the clatter and shadow of the El and head straight for the Fourth Avenue stem which begins at the Astor Place and Eighth Street seam. New York's famous five block book aisle begins here; the wind-up is at 13th Street. This is an old section of the town. Buildings of ancient structure and many of them in urgent need of paint, repairs, and a thorough wash. A wide, traffic-jammed drag, banked on either side by eighteen second-hand book stores and more than two million volumes. As you step into any one of these tome shops you find yourself hip-deep in volumes. Stocks are enormous, shelf space restricted, and the floor is just another shelf for books. Browsing around the sidewalk stalls—and that's the big welcome at all of the shops—prepare yourself for thrills. Explore the five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cent items and you're heading for big time adventure. New books are added daily and interest never lags. These open air joints are the book hunters' and collectors' hang-out. There are veterans in the game that make the rounds daily. They overlook no bet to snap up a choice item that either escapes the shopkeepers' shrewd eyes or is placed on the bargain counters as bait—that sharp selling angle that may urge the hunter inside the shop.

☞Eighteen shops. As you make the trip you'll start at the Argosy. This store, geographically, starts the parade. Then Breslow's, Biblo & Tannen, F. Stammer & Son, The Astor Shop, and Wex's. You cross the stem to Schulte's, Bender's, and Romm's. Now back to the East side of Fourth Ave. There's M. Harris, Gottens, The Friendly Shop, Strand, Harry Gold. You're still ankling northward and pass Weiser's, Mankoff, Pomarin, while holding the last position is Abraham's Bookshop at the corner of 13th Street. You've covered America's longest book street.

☞The largest of the flock are the Argosy and Schulte's. There's more than a half-million volumes in each shop. Argosy go heavy for Americana's; Schulte's do a great business in religious items. Both possess large first edition, rare, and old book department. F. Stammer & Son rank as one of the oldest on the street. Old man Stammer has been at the book game for forty years. If anyone can find that out-of-print book this guy will do it. The Library of Congress in Washington frequently refer collectors to him. Abraham's go big for back number periodicals. Space is up—more of this next week, we hope.

☞Book Babble: A salute to the alert Beebe, manager of Macmillan's retail book store, for her swell window display of Henry James Forman's *Our Movie Made Children*. Shrewd merchandising, what with the newspaper pay-off on the film censorship angle. The tome crashed its sixth edition ☞For a smash book value of the month we've got to hand it to the Blue Ribbon outfit. Their *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* is getting plenty of advance bookshop attention. We've seen several windows playing the August 15th date on which the book is released. ☞Paul Engle's *American Song* struck gold at Putnam's. The verse book sold out two days after publication. For poetry it's a record or something. ☞The summer student group at Columbia are helping the bookshop business there through strong sales on *Hitler Over Europe* and *Lamb in His Bosom*. ☞Henry Holt and Co. are crystal gazers. Back in 1876 they slapped out a flock of books called the Leisure Hour Series. We found one on Fourth Ave.—a nickel. ☞The Britannica Bookshop is keeping up payments on the car with *I, Claudius* and *Stars Fell on Alabama*. ☞We're expecting any day now a gag on Stark Young's *So Red The Rose*. Somebody, somewhere is going to ask for *So Red The Nose*. ☞Young Books, 714 Madison is now added to the New York City line-up of *SRL* distributors. ☞Vintage Wines, Vintage Tobacco—Why not Vintage Books? "The Tome That Still Retains Its Flavor" say after two, three or five years.

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